The Nation.

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The Week.

THE vote on the Mills bill in the House on Saturday will serve as the historical record of the transformation of the Democratic party which President Cleveland has accomplished. There could be no more forcible illustration of the value of civic courage to a nation than has been afforded by him since December last. At that time his tariff-reform message, by its boldness and utter disregard of political expediency, filled his own party with consternation and his opponents with delight. But the step, having once been taken, could not be retraced. To the surprise of Democratic leaders, who had for years been afraid to avow manfully their opinions upon the tariff question, the country recognized the force and truth of the President's position, and recognized also, as the American people have never failed to do, the honesty and patriotic courage which prompted their expression. Slowly but surely the Democratic leaders have pulled themselves up to the President's advanced position; and, after less than eight months of argument and agitation, the vote is taken which shows that the party is practically a unit behind the first leader which it has had for a quarter of a century. Only four Democrats out of a total of 169 voted against the bill and the President's policy, while two Republicans of unvarying party loyalty and three Independents joined with the Democrats in supporting it, thus more than counterbalancing the Democratic defections.

The Republicans in the Senate are in visible alarm over the presence of the Mills bill. Notwithstanding the fact that they are committed in their national platform against the surrender of "any part of the protective system," it is known that several Republican Senators not only are in favor of surrendering some part of it, but are convinced that unless they bring in a bill to that effect, they cannot hope to carry the country in November. This belief is so strong in some of their minds that there is said to be a fear that if the Mills bill were to come before the Senate, it might receive enough Republican votes to pass. Mr. Riddleberger is said to have given notice that he would vote for it, and if one other Republican Senator were to join him, the bill would pass. In view of these facts, the efforts of the *Tribune* to get up a free-trade scare by means of a *Punch* cartoon are extremely funny. The patriotic notion that this is a nation of fools seems to have taken complete possession of the "American" *Tribune*, if we may judge from its *Punch* "extra," and the following wonderful passage in its description of the scene in the House on Saturday when the Mills bill was on its final passage:

> "Of course, the gallery reserved for members and attachés of the Diplomatic Corps contained representatives of the British Embassy, and of other foreign legations from countries which stand ready to pounce upon the richest market in the world if the free-traders succeed in their schemes."

The amount of misinformation displayed in the Senate in the course of the debate on the subsidy amendment to the Post-office Appropriation Bill, will surprise only those who do not know how ignorant of the actual operations of foreign commerce many of our legislators are. Senator Platt put forward the interesting assertion, which was allowed to go uncontradicted, that England subsidizes steamers carrying the mails to South America "to the extent of something more than $3,000,000 a year." These figures are only thirty times too great, the sum actually paid by England for the year ending March 31, 1887, being a trifle over $100,000—an amount, be it remarked, proportionately less than that paid for the same service by our Government. The exaggeration is not so strange as that it should have been offered in good faith and permitted to pass without question. The great feature of the debate, however, was the final exploding of that pestiferous "barter" theory of international trade which political economists have been so stupidly teaching. This was accomplished in the Senate by Senator Chace of Rhode Island, and in the House, two days later, by Mr. Dingley of Maine. The figures of our trade with Brazil did the fatal work. Last year we imported from that country products to the value of $52,955,591, and exported in return but $8,137,794. Senator Chace took this exhibit to be a complete refutation of that "favorite theory of free-traders," and Mr. Dingley was moved by it to inquire, "What becomes of the 'barter' theory in face of the actual facts of our foreign trade?" The *Tribune* dutifully takes up the cry, and proclaims a new discomfiture of *a-priori* philosophers by remorseless facts.

Are we to infer, then, that we have been sending $40,000,000 a year in hard cash to Brazil to settle the balance against us? It would be very easy to find that out if it were a fact, and the money market would soon hear of it if it were so. Yet who but such a stickler for "facts" as the advocate of protection and subsidies imagines that this is done? What become of the "barter" theory? It stands just where it always has. We pay for the coffee we import from Brazil with the flour and cotton and meat we export to England. These reasoners seem never to have heard about what our importers call the three-cornered trade with Brazil—coffee from Rio to New Orleans or New York, cotton or wheat to Liverpool, English manufactures from Liverpool to Rio. Our importers of coffee pay for it in exchange on London, and that they buy in return for our exports of farm products to England. New York exchange, we are informed, is not even quoted in Rio. The great bulk of our trade with Brazil is done precisely in the way we have described, and the same is true, in less degree, in the case of our whole South American commerce. How else, do the protectionists suppose, does England settle her enormous adverse balance of $250,000,000 to $300,000,000 a year in her trade with the United States? She simply sets off against this her immense favorable balances in her trade with South America and elsewhere, and so squares the account. We think the "barter" theory will be able to hold its own for a while yet.

The *Tribune's* midsummer efforts at political economy continue to be very amusing. On one page on Tuesday it printed a special despatch from San Francisco saying, in connection with the Coleman failure: "The Mills bill killed the borax works, which Coleman valued at two millions." This is given as one of the reasons why Mr. Coleman can offer only 40 cents on the dollar, and of course it materially lessens the chances of Mr. Cleveland's reëlection. But on another page another special despatch, under the heading, "Confidence of the Right Sort," announces the giving out of a contract for a new Bessemer-steel plant in Pennsylvania that will give employment to 400 men, and the explanation is made: "The contract was let on the strength of Harrison being elected." Now the *Tribune* has a solemn duty to perform in this matter: either it should telegraph Mr. Coleman to hold on to his borax with the certainty of a bull market in November, or it should telegraph the Pennsylvania iron men not to give out any contracts for new works so long as there is a Democrat in the country to assert that the tariff ought to be revised.

The *Tribune* has a reporter who, when base-ball matters are dull and there are not many fires, is allowed to try his hand on the tariff. A few months ago he took up buttons, but he afforded the revenue reformers such a stock of amusement that we thought he certainly would be confined to his own field in the future. On Monday morning, however, he was allowed to discuss the tariff in connection with quinine. Now, if there is one subject in regard to which the high-tariff men ought to be more anxious to keep quiet than they are about the free-whiskey plank, it is that duty on quinine. The idea of "protecting" a product manufactured by only three or four firms in this country and used almost universally, is on its face so ridiculous that when the matter was brought to a vote in Congress in 1879, quinine was put on the free list by a vote of 125 ayes to 33 nays in the House, and without a call for a division in the Senate; of 52 Republican Representatives voting, 21 voted yea. It is a good illustration of the character of the Republican attitude on the tariff this year to find the *Tribune*

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allowing a reporter to criticise the placing of this article on the free list. Some of his criticisms are very funny. What, for instance, shall be said of a writer who, in arguing that freeing quinine from the duty has destroyed the "industry" in this country, says: "To-day the article is no cheaper than it would have been if the duty of 20 per cent. had not been taken off"? This remarkable "argument" is coupled with the equally remarkable statement that quinine "has become so low as only to pay for growing (*sic*) in such countries as Java, India, and Ceylon, where laborers are paid from twelve to eighteen cents a day." Of course it is cheap labor that is ruining the home market. It always is, even when the article is "no cheaper than it would have been" with the duty retained. "Manufacturers and dealers who have given information to the *Tribune* reporter on the subject were averse to having their names mentioned," says this writer. We should think they would be. Public association with an ass is never agreeable.

The Legislature has passed the so-called Yates Prison Bill, which retains some of the minor features of the original Yates bill of last winter, without the chief and altogether objectionable provision of that measure. It is not proposed by this modified bill to relegate to the counties convicts now liable to sentence in the State prisons, as the original bill did. The pending measure provides simply the manner in which convicts shall be employed under the laws for sentencing as they now exist; the intention being, as we understand it, to reduce the competition of prison labor with outside labor to the minimum. It forbids the use of machinery altogether in all prisons in the State, whether they be under State or local control, and renews the existing prohibition of contract labor, with the further provision that no labor shall be required of convicts on which a profit shall accrue to any individual, firm, or association. In fact, the only labor allowed in these penal institutions under this bill is such as will produce articles of consumption within the institutions themselves, or within other State institutions not of a penal character, like asylums, reformatory schools, houses of refuge, and so forth. Clothing for inmates and other such necessaries which are provided by the State are included among the articles that may be manufactured in the prisons. The distribution of the products of this sort of labor is placed in control of a Board consisting of the Comptroller, the Superintendent of State Prisons, and the Chairman of the State Board of Charities. The purchasing of articles in the open market for consumption in State institutions is forbidden, except in case they cannot be had from this Board upon requisition. It is clear from the provisions of this bill that the maintenance of prisoners must be provided out of the State Treasury, except as to articles they may produce within the terms of the bill. It is a demagogic makeshift and a disgraceful avoidance of public duty. It places a heavy burden upon the taxpayers for no other reason than that the weak-kneed politicians of both parties may angle for the "labor vote."

Gov. Hill's message in reference to the amendment of the Penal Code in such a way as to legalize boycotting and other forms of trade-union tyranny, is the most audacious piece of demagogism that even he has ever perpetrated. He took the step in the hope of counteracting thereby the hostility among the laboring men which his veto of the Ballot-Reform Bill caused. The bill which Senator Reilly introduced as carrying out the Governor's suggestions, erased from the conspiracy laws the word "intimidation," which would make it impossible for the courts to punish such offences as were recently committed against the foreman, Hartt, for whose benefit the Mayor is receiving subscriptions. The Legislature was proof against this temptation, but, acting upon another of the Governor's recommendations, and taking him at his word when he least expected to be so taken, it has removed from office an Aqueduct Commission which never ought to have existed and which has failed to fulfil the trust confided to it. It has given us a plan for a new Commission which will at least be constructed on a proper basis, and which we have confidence enough in Mayor Hewitt to believe will be composed of the best material that can be found among our citizens. For this invaluable and unexpected achievement we are indebted primarily to the work of the Fassett Investigating Committee. There could be no stronger evidence of the value of public investigations than is thus afforded. Through the revelations made we have forced a Governor and a Legislature, who entered into a shameful "combine" to plunder this city in the interest of politics, to confess that they did wrong, and to unite for the undoing of that wrong. We say unite, for, however unwilling the Governor may be to sign the bill, he cannot refuse to approve it.

When one reads, as we did on Tuesday morning in the Chicago despatches, that the Brotherhood of Engineers are determined not to declare "off" the strike against the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, but that the strikers are to keep on striking; and when we remember that striking, after the places of the strikers have been satisfactorily filled, means simply the maintenance of a system of annoyance and mischief against the persons and property of a lawful business, one naturally asks whether it is not about time for the law of the land to declare how long a strike may last. The strike against the C., B. & Q., which is now kept up at Chicago, in no respect differs from the ordinary boycott by which Hartt was prevented from earning a living. It is simply a system of organized intimidation, with occasional strokes of violence, practised on persons engaged in a legal calling. When a parcel of criminal loafers persist in such a game, under pretence that they are "on strike," should the judges or police magistrates not be empowered to declare a strike "off" themselves, and treat further persistence in it as evidence of designs against the public peace? We think they should. The present state of things is simply a modified form of the modern Greek brigandage, under which loafers were allowed to capture and hold to ransom travellers and people of property as the lawful prizes of poor men.

The *Press* the other day stated that it had received "private advices" which represented that "the Mugwumps of Massachusetts have almost entirely abandoned their organization and returned to the Republican fold"; that "men like Charles R. Codman and George Fred. Williams are now in full sympathy with the Republicans on civil-service reform, and disgusted with Democratic hypocrisy." Mr. Williams is abroad, but a letter from him has been published showing that he will heartily support Mr. Cleveland. As for Col. Codman, we can assure the *Press* that, being a tariff-reformer, he expects to support the Democratic party as long as it maintains its present attitude. As for civil-service reform, he is, of course, opposed to the spoilsmen wherever found, but he is also of the opinion that they abound among the managers of both parties, and that nothing would be gained for the cause of civil-service reform by supporting Gen. Harrison. It is true that the Mugwumps of Massachusetts have abandoned, or rather have not thought it necessary to revive, their organization, but they have by no means "returned to the Republican fold." On the contrary, it is the opinion of Col. Codman that the greater number of them will openly and aggressively support Cleveland, as they are not only civil-service reformers, but revenue reformers as well. The *Press* has evidently been the victim of some deceiver.

"Z. L. W.," a man who we once thought was sensible and careful, sends the *Press* from Washington a beautiful campaign story of a young man named Curtis, "fortunate enough to be a nephew of George William Curtis, formerly Mugwump, but now Democratic editor of *Harper's Weekly*." The young man was sent by President Cleveland—so runs the tale—to the Assistant Attorney-General, who was directed to employ Curtis at $2,000 a year, "whether he was competent or not." He proved incompetent, of course, but could not be dismissed, being a Presidential appointee, so they made a place for him in the Board of Pension Appeals, where he now is, as incompetent as ever. Perhaps, says the thoughtful and candid "Z. L. W."—

> "perhaps Mr. George William Curtis had no hand in securing his nephew's appointment, but the young man is very fortunate in having so eminent a civil-service reformer for an uncle, and it is even more fortunate for him that consistency is not one of President Cleveland's attributes."

"Z. L. W." has surely had journalistic experience enough to know that no story of this kind ought to be as perfect as this one is.

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A really good campaign story ought to have flecks, flaws, or gaps in it, showing the compiler to have been careful and scrupulous. Alas for poor "Z. L. W."! Mr. G. W. Curtis has only one nephew, who is a boy at school. This being so, the other "facts" in the story are of course left in mid-air. We hope, for "Z. L. W.'s" sake, there is at least one little one that can be relied on.

We were greatly amused, but of course also pleased, on Sunday, by the announcement from our old friend, the Norfolk Squire, Mr. George Washington Smalley, that Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt had passed through the ordeal of a short visit to London in the season without damage. All doors were open to them, the Squire says:

> "But they entered them under conditions so peculiar that by a little want of tact or good sense they might easily have made shipwreck of their social career. This they have omitted to do. Their London experiences have been an unbroken series of social successes. They have won the good will of those whose good will is best worth having, and I cannot hear that from the beginning to the end of their London summer they have made a single mistake."

The news that the Vanderbilts "omitted to make shipwreck of their social career," and failed "to make a single mistake" in the course of a "London summer," conceals, it is right to add, a great deal of modesty on the Squire's part. We intend no depreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt's social tact when we assume that they owed their salvation to the Squire's presence in London and his daily supply of house-to-house cackle. This is undoubtedly what pulled them through. Which of us likes to think of what would have happened had the Squire been detained in Norfolk by the cares of his estates, by Quarter Sessions business, or by the preparation of his preserves for the shooting season?

An amusing picture is presented by the relations of the several parts of the Austro-Hungarian empire which have followed in the train of the high-tariff legislation of the last few years. Hungary is not only the chief grain-producing region, but has also naturally developed flour-milling to the greatest degree. Nevertheless, there was a large milling industry in other parts of the empire, and especially in Bohemia, the grain which came to these mills having been imported from Russia. The duties upon grain, which were introduced in 1882, greatly checked this importation, and the raising of these duties last year cut it off altogether. The whole empire is thus almost entirely restricted to the consumption of Hungarian grain. One would think this might have satisfied the Hungarians, but it seems they have succeeded in having special features introduced into the tariff, with a view to favoring Hungarian millers at the expense of those in other divisions of the empire. The millers of Bohemia, Moravia, and Upper Austria have made an effort to get the tariff adjusted so as to enable them to hold their own, namely, by making the difference of duty between grain and flour sufficient to permit the importation of the former. The Hungarian Government has met this move in the game by lowering the rates of transportation for flour on the Hungarian railways. The Constitution of the empire forbids duties on importation from one division of the empire to another; so it seems the rest of the Austrians are at their wits' end to find indirect means of counteracting this action of the Hungarians, which, it must be admitted, seems to show uncommon greed and want of consideration for their neighbors. An immense amount of ill-feeling has been engendered, not to speak of economic disturbance and loss; and the game will probably go on until the country gets disgusted with the notion that people cannot find out for themselves whether they had better grind their own flour or make something else and buy their flour ready ground.

The suicide of Ole Richter, the Norwegian Minister Resident in Stockholm, has made a great sensation in Scandinavian politics. Next to the Premier, John Sverdrup, he held the highest position in the Ministry, and was the most conspicuous man. He had a long and honorable career behind him as a publicist and a parliamentary leader. The circumstances which led to his self-destruction are somewhat complicated. Mr. Richter, as a strict parliamentarian, had long been dissatisfied with his chief, and had criticised him somewhat recklessly in his letters to friends. He foresaw plainly that the Sverdrup Ministry, by splitting the Liberal party into the Moderate and the Extreme Left, would soon be without a working majority in the Storthing; and he desired to save himself from the wreck, by creating the impression that he disapproved of Mr. Sverdrup's opportunism. With this view he began a correspondence with Björnstjerne Björnson, with whom he had long been acquainted, furnishing him with the most tremendous ammunition for the destruction of the Ministry of which he was a member. He obviously anticipated a contingency in which he should be called upon, with M. Daae (an earlier seceder from the Sverdrup Ministry), to form a new Cabinet; nothing would, indeed, have been more probable if his underhanded proceeding could have been kept secret. But to expect Björnson, the chief opponent of Sverdrup, to refrain from availing himself of the information with which Richter voluntarily had provided him, was certainly the height of fatuity. Björnson had a long score to settle with Sverdrup, and he eagerly seized the opportunity to expose his moral obliquity. Being challenged as to the authenticity of his information, he unhesitatingly gave the name of Ole Richter, and justified himself by saying that he had made no promise of secrecy, nor had his correspondent dropped any hint that the information was confidential. It would seem, however, that, as to the use of the Minister's name, no such hint should have been needed. Of course, from the moment Richter's manœuvres were exposed, he was a discredited man, equally distrusted by both groups of his party. He went immediately, in the absence of the King, to the Crown Prince, who was acting as Regent, and offered his resignation, which was promptly accepted. It is told that afterwards he wavered, and made an attempt to induce the Crown Prince to hold his resignation in abeyance, but received a curt refusal. He then realized that he was hopelessly ruined, and, going home, shot himself in the head.

Ole Richter was born in 1829. He gained his high position in Norwegian politics by the moderation of his opinions, the clear logic of his speech, and his devotion to English parliamentarism. He had been partly educated in England, married an English wife, and was a close student of English politics. He displayed a deeper knowledge of political economy than is common with Norwegian statesmen, and was looked upon as a man uniting in a rare degree theoretical science with practical insight and ability. His wealth, his amiability, and courteous demeanor tended to increase his prestige and popularity; and he was successively elected President of the lower and the upper chamber of the Norwegian Storthing, occupying the former position from 1871 to 1876, and the latter from 1877 to 1878. He was no orator, but was regarded as an eminently safe man, and a bulwark against the radicalism of his party associates. While acting with the Left or Liberal party he formed really, with M. Daae and a few others, a group by itself, corresponding to the French group of the Centre. Nothing was, therefore, more natural than that the King, who dreads all kinds of extremism, should have turned to him and made him the representative of the Norwegian Government in Stockholm.

The cause of ballot reform has reached the Sandwich Islands, and a bill instituting changes somewhat similar to those proposed in many States in this country has been submitted to the Hawaiian Legislature. It was prepared by a special commission in whose report it is interesting to note that much space is devoted to detailing the efforts which Mr. Ivins and others have made in behalf of the reform in this city. The radical changes in the Hawaiian measure are: (1) doing away with the present tax-receipt system, which requires the exhibition of a tax receipt at the polls as the condition of voting, and the substitution of a uniform registration in its place; (2) providing for a uniform ballot, printed and distributed at the public expense; (3) providing careful methods to secure freedom and secrecy in voting; (4) giving the Supreme Court jurisdiction over all questions of fraud and corruption in elections. These changes are based largely upon the English system, which was followed in the excellent law for New York which Gov. Hill vetoed, and the equally excellent Massachusetts law which Gov. Ames signed; and which goes into effect in 1889.

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WHAT IT COSTS.

PERHAPS the most extraordinary feature of the situation concerning the tariff lies in the circumstance that few people have any idea of the amount of its burden, even tariff-reformers usually confining themselves to mere generalities concerning it. We know what our military and naval establishments cost, what we pay for pensions, and what we appropriate for the improvement of rivers and harbors. It is always open to any citizen, in or out of Congress, to object to the amounts expended for any of these purposes. But the amount which we expend for the support of certain favored industries in this country is an absolutely unknown quantity. Not only are the great majority of intelligent persons utterly ignorant of this amount, but it frequently happens that writers for the press, whose special business it is to treat these questions, proceed upon an entirely false basis in estimating it.

The customs duties collected in the year ending June 30, 1887, amounted to $214,000,000. But this does not in any way measure the cost which the nation incurs in supporting its protected industries. It does not, indeed, form any part of that cost. These $214,000,000—if, for the sake of simplicity in the argument, we ignore the existence of a surplus—are expended for the general purposes of the Government. They have to be collected somehow, and whether customs duties are the best way or not, is a question of general fiscal policy. It is true that protective duties are apt to bear more heavily on the poor than on the rich, unless chiefly confined to articles of luxury; it is true, also, that they are open to the objection of being difficult to alter without disturbance to industry and trade, which is a serious objection to a tax; but these points have nothing to do—at least directly—with the question we are now considering, viz., How much is the country paying to encourage the protected industries?

It is the money which never reaches the Treasury, but is paid out by consumers in the high prices of domestic articles, that constitutes the expense of protection. Though it would be impossible to estimate the amount of this tax with any degree of accuracy, a clear recognition of its nature is sufficient to show that the aggregate must be stupendous. Let us take a single item, that of steel rails; the simplicity and uniformity of this article rendering comparison of prices and quantities comparatively easy and reliable.

The Statistical Abstract of the United States for 1887 gives the following figures of importation and of home production of steel rails for the last twelve months covered by it: importation (year ending June 30, 1887), 77,000 tons; home production (year ending December 31, 1886), 1,579,000 tons. The duty on steel rails was (and is) $17 per ton, so that the customs revenue from this article was about $1,300,000. Inasmuch as a respectable quantity of foreign rails was imported, upon which it was possible to pay the duty and still to sell them in competition with domestic rails, it is plain that the price here must have been something like $17 higher than what we should have had to pay for foreign rails in the absence of the duty. Reckoning the excess at only $15, however—and a comparison of British and American prices-current for the year shows that this is well within the mark—we have in this single item a bounty of about twenty-four million dollars paid in a single year to the steel-rail manufacturers alone. Something over a million dollars has been paid into the Treasury for the expenses of the people's Government; twenty times as much has been given away to the steel-rail men, and has entered into the cost of our railways, to be a permanent charge on farmers and merchants and the community generally.

The same item of steel rails happens to furnish opportunity for another striking commentary, and at the same time to bring out the magnitude of the bounty in a glaring light. A recent article in Mr. Robert P. Porter's organ, the *Press*, undertook to state the amount paid out in wages in the production of a ton of steel rails. The amount intended is not simply the wages paid at the steel works; the editor had undertaken to "trace back all the supplies for the steel works to their original sources, and to classify the outlays so as to show the portion that goes to the remuneration of labor from start to finish," and all that he is able to figure up is $14.85; while the duty, be it remembered, is $17. We shall take the *Press's* word for it; and the result is, that in the last twelve months recorded in the United States Statistical Abstract, we paid more in bounties to steel manufacturers than the aggregate amount of wages received for all the labor which was employed, directly or indirectly, in the making of steel rails. We do not pretend to determine how much of this bounty was profit to the manufacturers, how much was tribute paid by them to mine-owners, how much was sheer waste, or how much was used in "politics"—the fact remains that the bounty received by the manufacturers on the pretext of helping the workingmen was actually greater than the total amount the workingmen received in wages.

It must be plain from this single instance—as, indeed, it must be plain without it to any one who will look the matter straight in the face—that the expense of our protective system is many hundreds of millions annually. The peculiarity of the case lies, however, not so much in the magnitude of the expense, nor even in its indefiniteness, as in the fact that the advocates of protection have absolutely taken the ground that it does not concern us in the least how much it costs. Everything else is a matter of degree: national defences are good, grand public buildings are good, art galleries, libraries, schools, colleges—all these things are good, but for none of them has it been claimed that their friends should be permitted to draw upon the public purse to an absolutely unlimited extent. And even as regards protection, it was reserved for this last convention of the Republican party to place it alone among all the objects of human endeavor and human devotion by declaring that no consideration, either of economy or of morals, shall prevail to lighten by a feather's weight the burden we carry for its sake, however heavy that burden may become.

MANUFACTURERS AND FARMERS.

THE supporters of tariff reform are under great obligations to Mr. James P. Foster, President of the Republican League of the United States, for his invaluable services in bringing out the real issue involved in the present canvass, which is the issue between the classes and the masses; between the protected interests on the one side, and the body of the American people on the other. Nobody has ever put this quite so clearly and bluntly as Mr. Foster has done in his famous "confidential" circular.

It will be remembered that Mr. Foster declares it to be "a fact that the manufacturers of the United States are most benefited by our tariff laws." With all due respect to him, however, we must say that this statement would not carry great weight if it stood only as the opinion of the President of the Republican League of the United States. What lends importance to the circular is the quotation of the well-considered opinion on this point of Senator Edmunds or Senator Morrill of Vermont—the description of Mr. Foster's authority as "a Republican United States Senator from a State which never had a Democratic representative in either house of Congress or a Democratic State officer," rendering it certain that either Mr. Edmunds or Mr. Morrill is the man. Both are Republicans of such prominence and such familiarity with the subject of which they treat that it would be hard to decide whose words would carry the more weight.

Senator Edmunds or Senator Morrill used these "strong words and bitter, but true," as quoted by Mr. Foster: "I was solicited to contribute to a protective-tariff league, and I replied that *if the manufacturers of the United States in their associated capacity were an eleemosynary institution, I would vote to give them a pension, but that I did not propose myself to contribute money to advance the interests of men who were getting practically the sole benefit, or at least the most directly important benefits, of the tariff laws.*" Again, he spoke of "the manufacturers" as "reaping the fruits of the tariff policy." Still again, he referred to "*the manufacturers of Pennsylvania, who are more highly protected than anybody else, and who make large fortunes every year when times are prosperous.*" All of this was preliminary to the Senator's declaration that "*if I had my way about it, I would put the manufacturers of Pennsylvania under the fire and fry all the fat out of them*"; and he added in conclusion: "If the Mills Tariff Bill comes to the Senate, there will be some votes cast there which will open the eyes of some of these people who have, *while gathering their millions*, treated the Republican party as their humble servant."

In the face of such testimony from such a

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source, nobody will question that the high-tariff policy is a policy in the interest of the manufacturers, who get "practically the sole benefit" of it, and who in consequence "make large fortunes every year when times are prosperous," and that the masses are taxed by this policy for the advantage of a class. It is notorious that protected manufacturers themselves admit the truth of all this when they are "talking not for publication," and it is equally notorious that the hope of Republican success in the pending campaign is based upon the theory that the manufacturers can frighten and force their employees into voting more "fat" to the employers. The yell of "Free trade!" and the threat of loss of employment are the weapons upon which most reliance is placed.

But there is another class of the American people who are left out of the account in these calculations—the farmers. The census of 1880 showed that the entire number of manufacturing establishments in the United States was but 253,852; and it is a remarkable fact that, although the population had increased during the previous decade nearly one-third, the number of manufacturing establishments had increased only 1,704, owing to the tendency towards the concentration of such industries in the hands of a few men, who "make large fortunes every year." On the other hand, the number of persons engaged in agriculture was 7,670,493. In many States more than half the whole number engaged in all occupations were employed in farming, the percentage being 51 per cent. in Minnesota, 52 per cent. in Indiana, 57 per cent. in Iowa, and 60 per cent. in Nebraska.

These farmers have been doing a good deal of thinking the past few months. President Cleveland made his message last December so short that the country papers could print it, and their subscribers could thus read the whole of it. It seems to have affected a great many of them as it did the Republican farmer in Marion County, Ind., who says: "I have read very carefully the message of Mr. Cleveland that my Republican friends are making such an 'ado' about, and I cannot for the life of me find anything wrong about it"; and the Republican farmer in Iroquois County, Ill., who says: "I read Cleveland's message last winter; it struck me favorably; I've been thinking it over ever since."

For years past these farmers have been seeking a reduction in the tariff upon the necessaries of life. They want the tax upon lumber removed, a tax of which Mr. Blaine once said in Congress, when protesting against the very idea of such a levy: "As to the article of lumber, I again remind the House that there has never been a tax upon this article. The gentleman from Ohio may talk of this question as he pleases; but I say that wherever the Western frontiersman undertakes to make for himself a home, to till the soil, to carry on the business of life, he needs lumber for his cabin, he needs lumber for his fence, he needs lumber for his wagon or cart, he needs lumber for his plough, he needs lumber for almost every purpose in his daily life." The farmers want the tax upon salt removed, agreeing with the view once expressed by Senator Hale of Maine in Congress, when he said: "I believe there is no one question about which the reflection of millions of people day by day is so decided as it is in declaring that there should be no tax upon this article of salt. I believe this article should go upon the free list; that the monopoly which has obtained heretofore for the Onondaga Salt Works—as great and complete as any monopoly ever granted by the Tudors in England's most despotic times—ought to cease."

At the same time these farmers accept the doctrine, which the Republican party used to teach so strongly, that hurtful luxuries like whiskey are the things which ought to be most heavily taxed. They agree with the Senator Edmunds of twenty years ago, who then said that "the principle of taxation has been, and always must be, that luxuries of this description ought to bear the highest possible rate of taxation." They are of the same mind with the Senator Hawley of six years ago, who then said: "Whiskey and tobacco are the legitimate plunder of the tax-collector, the legitimate plunder of the exchequer in every government of the world. They all get a large part of their revenues from them. We should be immeasurably and insufferably foolish if we abolished those taxes."

What does the Republican party in 1888 offer this class of voters? "Rather," it says, "than the surrender of any part of our protective system"—in other words, rather than the surrender of the unjust tax upon lumber or salt—"we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes," in other words, the freeing of whiskey from tax and the reduction of its price to the cheap rates which ruled before the war. To suppose that the farmers were going to swallow such doctrine as this on the ground that anything else meant "free trade," was to set them down for a pack of fools. The managers who thus "insulted their intelligence" are finding out that they made a mistake. The brief interviews with dozens of Republican farmers in Indiana and Illinois, which the *Evening Post* has recently published, furnish evidence of a revolt among the agricultural population which will give the Republican managers in more than one Western State, commonly rated as surely Republican, enough to keep them busy during the campaign.

SIGNS OF NATIONAL PROGRESS.

When Gen. Harrison was nominated, a number of Republican papers began printing reminiscences of the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign, and making predictions that we should have "1840 over again." But this sort of talk was soon found to fall flat, and has been pretty much dropped. In some places, especially out West, survivors of the Whig era who voted for Harrison the grandfather, are organizing to vote for Harrison the grandson, and occasionally an effort is made to revive the log-cabin business; but it is too evidently an effort to meet with much success.

The truth is, that another campaign of the 1840 style is impossible in this country. The Republicans suffer in the present canvass from having lost, by reason of their free-whiskey platform, the moral impulse which has always been so important to their party; but even if they had a policy which appealed to the moral sense, they could not utilize in Benjamin Harrison's behalf the methods which were all the rage when William Henry Harrison was a candidate. The reason is that the nation has grown older and wiser, and now recognizes the puerility of what in our grandfathers' day was held fit business for grown-up men.

The log-cabin and hard-cider campaign was greatly promoted by exceptional conditions due to the panic of 1837, which operated to the advantage of the Whigs, but there was a real philosophy of national development underlying it. Mr. Schurz, in his 'Life of Henry Clay,' has brought out very clearly the significance of Andrew Jackson's advent upon the national stage as illustrating a change in the condition of the public mind. "There always comes," says Mr. Schurz, "a time in the life of a democracy—and it is a critical period—when the masses grow impatient of all pretensions or admissions of superiority; when a vague distrust of professional statesmanship, of trained skill in the conduct of the Government, seizes upon them, and makes them easily believe that those who possess such trained skill will, if constantly intrusted with the management of public affairs, take some sort of advantage of those less trained; that, after all, the business of governing is no more difficult than other business; and that it would be safer to put into the highest places men more like themselves, not skilled statesmen, but 'men of the people.'" Mr. Schurz holds that this was the real strength of the Jackson movement.

The campaign of 1840 represented the same popular feeling which Mr. Schurz has so well described, and gave it even better expression than it had found in the Jackson contests. Never before had there been, and never since has there been seen, a Presidential campaign of more enthusiasm and less thought. The Whig convention adopted no platform, passed no resolutions, issued no address, put forth no programme of policy; but simply nominated a plain, blunt old man, whose "record" fitted him equally well for a Democratic candidacy. The canvass suited the absent platform and colorless candidate. It was really nothing but a prolonged popular frolic, with monster mass-meetings, genuine raccoons, actual log cabins, real hard cider. It has been said that one-half of the American people seemed to have stopped work to march in processions behind brass bands or drum and fife, to attend huge picnics, and to sing campaign doggerel about "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

It is safe to say that there has never been a time in our history when the average man felt so sure both that he was capable of being President, and that some man like him ought to be President in a Government like ours, as when it was found that Harrison had been elected. The idea that it was a great re-

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commendation for a candidate that he had been a poor, hard-working, ill-educated man in early life, was seen to have great weight twenty years later, when Abraham Lincoln was nominated, and much was made of the fact that he had been a rail-splitter in his youth. When the Illinois Republican State Convention met in May, 1860, and presented Lincoln as a "favorite son," his old associate in the days of his poverty brought in "two rails from a lot made by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks, in the Sangamon bottom, in the year 1830," and, the historian says, "was met with wild and tumultuous cheers, prolonged through several minutes." Thereafter through the campaign "the rail-splitter" was one of the most familiar catch-words.

But by 1880 it was evident that a change for the better had come over the public mind in respect to this matter. Garfield had been a tow-boy on a canal in his youth, and, according to the Harrison and Lincoln precedents, great stress should have been laid upon this fact, as somehow furnishing evidence that he was exceptionally qualified to occupy the White House. Some efforts were made to start what might be called a tow-boy boom, and, if we remember rightly, soon after the nomination a club was formed in Washington which carried a canal-boat transparency in a procession. But the thing fell very flat, and Garfield, who was quick to discern the drift of sentiment, immediately caused it to be understood that he was running for the Presidency on his record as an adult Congressman, and not as a youthful mule-driver. Eight years have only served to strengthen the feeling which was seen to exist in 1880, and we confidently assert that such a performance as the rail incident of 1860 could not occur to-day without seriously, if not fatally, injuring the candidacy of the man in whose behalf it should be tried.

The spectacular methods of campaigning which flowered in the campaign of 1840, still survive, but are evidently steadily losing strength. The great political meetings, which once gathered the people from forty miles around at the county seat, grow rarer every four years, and in some quarters are no longer held at all. The barbecue, with its unlimited supply of roast ox for the multitude, is now unknown in many States, and grows less frequent even in such a commonwealth as Kentucky. The ridiculous torchlight procession has fewer and fewer attractions for reasoning creatures. It is no longer composed of men who eagerly embrace the supposed opportunity to "do something for the cause" by marching and carrying torches, and catching pneumonia, but is either a perfunctory sort of thing, or else represents only mercenaries who "holler" for cash, and equally loud for either side. In exceptional cases, like the business men's parades in this city four years ago, there is something of the old spirit, but probably the larger proportion of the participants in them on both sides in 1884 would have confessed that they thought both sides might better have omitted that style of argument. Indeed, we observe with much satisfaction that one party in Racine, Wis., has just made the excellent suggestion to the other that both of them give up the absurd business of torchlight processions, and substitute an intelligent discussion of the tariff. The log-cabin idea, which it is proposed to revive in some cases, will be regarded solely as a reminiscence. As for the doggerel which some Republican organs have brought out, "it won't do," to use one of Mr. Thurman's favorite expressions in the Senate. Respect for gray hairs may induce us to keep silence about the campaign poetry of 1840 when survivors of 1840 are within hearing, but the public is ready to shoot on the spot anybody who indulges the rhyming idiocy in 1888.

All these are healthy signs. They betoken national progress. They show that we have outgrown some of the weaknesses of youth—for surely every candid person must consider it a weakness to behave as though a man were qualified for the Presidency *because* he had lived in a log cabin, or split rails, or driven a canal-boat mule. We are getting beyond the point where it is vaunted as a recommendation for a candidate that he did not have a chance to get a good education. Even Indiana would hardly, we may hope, elect a man Governor in 1888, as in 1876, whose strongest claim to the office appeared to be his suit of blue jeans. We are coming, too, to see that it is no less absurd for intelligent men in a civilized country to tramp around carrying torches o' nights, than such men themselves would consider the spectacle if they saw a lot of savages in some heathen land going through the performance. No, we shall not have "1840-over again" this year, or any other year. The nomination of a Harrison for President in 1888 shows that the nation has made a long advance since another Harrison ran for the same office half-a-century ago.

THE MISSIONS CENTENARY.

THE World's Conference of Missionaries, recently held in London to mark the completion of a hundred years of Protestant foreign missions, was a gathering well fitted to appeal to the imagination of Christendom. The great enlargement of missionary enterprises during the century was strikingly revealed in the reports, which showed that in place of the single pioneer, William Carey, upwards of 6,000 missionaries are now supported by Protestant churches, who are assisted by 30,000 native helpers, the whole work costing annually no less than $12,500,000. Aside, too, from the direct work of winning converts, the great results achieved by missionaries as explorers, scientists, linguists, teachers, and physicians were duly set forth, not only in written accounts, but in the living presence of men who have gained distinction in these ways. The public debates were of a high order, and altogether the Conference was really successful in vindicating for the work of missions a place among the important movements of the past hundred years, and in presenting a strong appeal for future effort.

Yet this centennial meeting did not fail to leave the same impression as that made by most missionary gatherings and a large part of missionary literature—the impression, namely, that the whole of the case is not stated. This is vividly reflected in an article by Sir W. W. Hunter, published in the last *Nineteenth Century*. He speaks in the highest terms of missions and missionaries. He gives testimony which is of the strongest sort, from his residence of twenty-five years in India, as to the work of missionaries in the East. He believes, it is true, that no Englishman will ever become the religious awakener of India, saying, "To the natives, the missionary seems to be a charitable Englishman who keeps an excellent cheap school, speaks the language well, preaches a European form of their old incarnations, and drives out his wife and little ones in a pony-carriage"; such a character, of course, being far from the Oriental idea of a religious leader. It is on this ground that he pronounces the little companies of Cambridge and Oxford High Church ascetics, in Delhi and Calcutta, to be the really most effective missionaries known to him.

What concerns him most, however, is the way missionary affairs are conducted and represented at home. He says of such conferences as the one just held: "In their eagerness to intensify enthusiasm and to prove their case, they are liable to lapse into methods not calculated to carry conviction to minds which are simply desirous to get at the facts." He instances the debate in the Conference on the moral influence of Islam, a question made unusually prominent by recent discussions. Delegates were present able to speak intelligently on all sides of this matter, but the time assigned the debate was very limited, speakers qualifiedly in favor of Mohammedanism were coldly received, and the debate was cut short by a demand, not to be resisted in Exeter Hall, that a season of prayer should take the place of discussion.

On the point of one-sidedness, Sir William says: "The really noble work done by the missionaries abroad often suffers, in the opinion of serious and candid men, from the methods employed at home. It suffers also from a vague but general impression that only a part of the evidence appears." He instances the case of Prof. Legge of Oxford, for thirty-four years a missionary, and now Professor of Chinese in the University. Prof. Legge holds positive convictions to the effect that not much is to be expected from Christian missions in the Orient, as long as missionaries carry their sectarian differences with them, and especially as long as they are known to come from nations where drunkenness and the social evil prevail. "When Prof. Legge was asked to take part in the Conference, he explained that he would have to clearly put forward his convictions—with the result that he did not take part in it at all."

This is a typical case. Undoubtedly the promoters of missions fail fully to trust the intelligence of those to whom their appeals are directed. The public, so far as it derives its knowledge from missionary addresses

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and periodicals, gets only partial, and so misleading, information. The returned missionary soon finds that he is expected to speak only of the things which will "encourage" the home churches. The parts of missionary correspondence which get into print are, as a rule, only the parts which the editor can refer to as "cheering news." These practices have become the established custom with no conscious purpose of misleading—usually, we have no doubt, without a passing thought that there is anything unfair in them. But, after all, it is like feeding sugar-plums to the churches. We are far from arguing that missionary scandals should be made public. With perfect propriety they may be hushed up, as they are. But the policy of presenting only one side of the matter is certain to prove itself, in the end, a short-sighted policy. Unfavorable reports that leak out, as they are coming more and more to do, are far more disastrous than if there had been no attempt to withhold them. One frank and conscientious missionary, like Prof. Legge, is worth, in the long run, a dozen who tell but half the tale. It is absurd to suppose that intelligent supporters of missions need to be coddled with half-truths. To a thoughtful Christian, in fact, a full and fair statement of the situation, even if it revealed to him unsuspected and unpleasant facts, would really prove an argument for renewed zeal and generosity. We hope yet to see a missionary periodical conducted on the principle of giving all the information to be had on all sides of all missionary questions.

JOHN MITCHEL.

DUBLIN, July 7, 1888.

FROM towards the close of the last century, dominant British statesmen have conceived and acted upon the theory that liberty in Ireland was incompatible with the stability of the British empire; and, until Mr. Gladstone's recent overtures, large numbers of the Irish people desired the humiliation and downfall of the British empire. From time to time, devoted leading Irishmen have given vigorous expression to that reciprocal sentiment. They have entered upon the wildest emprises, thrown calculation to the winds, deluded themselves as to their resources, and blindly dashed against superior force, to the destruction of their lives and those of their followers, but to their own immortal honor in the eyes of the masses of their fellow-countrymen, who, living under intolerable conditions, always take to their heart of hearts such exponents of popular wrongs and needs. Wolfe Tone, in the coolness, mastery, and extent of his combinations, perhaps rises above the class of mind I have indicated. Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet are enshrined in the nation's affections as the brightest examples of such leaders in the times of the United Irishmen; and fifty years later William Smith O'Brien and John Mitchel. Let us hope the bead-roll is complete; but that is unlikely if Lord Salisbury's and Mr. Balfour's policy be carried out much longer.

'The Life of John Mitchel' has just appeared, and has created deep interest in National circles, wherein some of his nearest relatives still move. It is in two volumes, compiled and written on a Colorado ranch by William Dillon, brother of John Dillon. The brothers are sons of John Blake Dillon, one of Mitchel's coadjutors and most intimate friends in 1848. The style, at least in the early pages, is at times defective, but the reader forgets this in the admirable balance and construction of the volumes, and in the uncompromising truthfulness with which Mitchel is delineated. The memoir is that of a Unitarian who held on to doctrinal Christianity by the slightest threads; few would suppose it to be the work of a stanch Catholic. When present political passions and prejudices subside, John Mitchel will, I believe, be recognized as one of the most vigorous masters of the English language since the days of Swift. Meanwhile, it may perhaps be interesting to many who have not seen the biography, to know something of its contents.

John Mitchel, the son of a Presbyterian minister, was born in County Derry in 1815. He passed through college and entered upon the profession of a solicitor. That ungovernable impetuosity which always characterized him, was shown when he was only twenty-one by his eloping with a schoolgirl of sixteen. We are glad to know that the marriage proved a blessing through all the vicissitudes of his life. He was gradually attracted towards public affairs, became more and more interested in O'Connell's repeal agitation, and at length put aside his professional prospects for an editorial chair in the office of the *Nation*, removed with his family to Dublin, and threw himself into the then seething cauldron of Irish politics. John Mitchel's Irish political career, that which made him so beloved by his fellow-countrymen, was comprised within a period of two years and eight months. He took up his residence in Dublin in October, 1845, and in June, 1848, he left it in chains, a convicted felon. We are given delightful glimpses of his domestic and social life during that interval. With a devoted wife and children, to whom he was tenderly attached, he belonged to a charming literary circle, to whose members he was united by political sympathy; his habits were frugal —all combined to render his private life eminently happy.

Far different was it, however, outside, amidst the storms of political passion. O'Connell had raised hopes that he was unable to fulfil, his energy and power waned, and he was broken down in spirit by age and by imprisonment, almost regal though its conditions were. He was inclined to temporize with the Government and secure places for his followers. The public mind was inflamed by political disturbances on the Continent. Starvation and fever brooded over Ireland, which yet exported vast quantities of the necessaries of life. Under these circumstances, any measures hitherto considered allowable by communities in desperate emergencies were held lawful by the leaders of the Young Ireland party. Mitchel soon found even the *Nation* too moderate for the expression of his opinions, and started the short-lived *United Irishman*, which, in burning language, declared the abasement of the British empire essential for the welfare of Ireland, and inculcated the duty of armed insurrection. Mr. Dillon endeavors to show that Mitchel recommended preparation for revolt rather than immediate revolt. His actual words may not express the latter, but their undoubted drift when written was to that effect.

To understand this period in Mitchel's life and in Irish history, the reader should turn to the accurate and sober narrative contained in Jonathan Pim's 'Transactions of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends during the Famine in Ireland.' Things were indeed then at an awful pass—thousands dying of fever, many of starvation, emigrants crowding into "coffin ships," at one time nearly half the population in receipt of relief. Mitchel and his friends believed the decimation of the Irish people was deliberately favored by the Government. Many bitter passages (never forgotten by Irishmen) in the *Times* and other papers favored such an impression. At least, such measures were not taken as would have been if a similar calamity had fallen upon England. Looking back, however, we must remember that the rights of the masses were not as fully acknowledged as they are at present, and in no country did their cry then press so immediately upon Government. And of the very time when the Young Irelanders deemed the Government most to blame, the above report says:

> "The Legislature had made sufficient provision against actual starvation, and the energy and skill of the Executive had brought this enactment into operation. The untiring liberality of America had furnished us with surplus funds to a considerable amount. The continuation of an extensive system of alms-giving was not only in itself objectionable, but, by interfering with the legal arrangements for the support of the poor, was likely to defeat its own object."

If the Friends' Report may be taken as a corrective to the bitter feelings likely to be aroused by John Mitchel's writings and biography, its neglected warnings and suggestions regarding the Irish land system are in themselves an explanation and justification of subsequent disturbances here. British statesmen of the time hoped to degrade Irish agitation by treating as felons, instead of honorable opponents guilty of high treason, those Irishmen who resisted the law. The Treason-Felony Act was accordingly passed, and John Mitchel left Ireland a felon in chains. Conviction had been impossible with a fairly constituted jury, and for his trial a jury had been shamelessly packed. Britons were, however, new at such work. No sooner was he on board the *Shearwater* than his fetters were removed, and he was asked down to the cabin by the captain to take a glass of wine. Mitchel and others convicted in 1848 were in the main treated as honorable opponents—felons only in name. Through the horrors of the Fenian imprisonment the contest has since then considerably hardened. At one end of the chain we have John Mitchel in 1848, tried by the pretence, at least, of a jury, and invited by his jailer to a friendly chat over a bottle of wine; at the other we have his associate's son, John Dillon, in 1888, tried without judge or jury by police-magistrates, and dressed in prison clothes and herded with common malefactors in jail.

Would that we could close the life of Mitchel on his own farm, amid the lovely scenery of Tasmania, surrounded by his wife and family, and in the congenial society of brother exiles! Hitherto it had been consistent, at least in the eyes of the majority of his fellow-countrymen. It had been, if not always wise, uniformly actuated by a lofty purpose which led him to sacrifice himself for the good of others. It is interesting all through—varied, full of striking incidents, lit by brilliant thought. If unhappy to him in its unrest (in a letter he says that wherever he is, is perhaps the most miserable place in the world), it is deeply interesting in his overmastering love for Ireland, and in his family affections and power of acquiring and keeping friends. But with his departure from Tasmania the interest flags. His escape was secured by what most readers would consider a breach of parole, and, chafing under captivity in its most lenient form ("disguise itself as it will, slavery is a bitter draught," he writes to a friend), he freed himself to assist in extend-

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ing and consolidating the most execrable system of bondage that the modern world has seen. John Mitchel was an honorable man. Some of those who endorsed his plan of evading parole were among the most honorable men I have known. None the less will that plan be condemned by most unbiassed readers. Intense desire for freedom, friendship, above all political friendship, led men to actions and approval of actions which cannot be condoned by those outside the circle of their influence. If John Mitchel's ethics regarding parole were generally accepted, parole would have little weight or significance.

Again, we cannot excuse his action regarding slavery and the slave trade. His love for the classics and classic models, his friendship with Carlyle and sympathy with most sides of his character except that turned to Ireland, may be pleaded. One cause may have been that at that period England was, in name at least, anti-slavery. Hatred of "cant" is dwelt upon as a cause—the intolerable cant of the abolitionists and good people generally. But we think the cant was entirely on the other side. To his vehement and narrow nature no wrongs signified which did not come within the immediate circle of his sympathy, and all denunciation of injustice that lay outside of it was contemptible and canting.

John Mitchel suffered for his principles in the United States as in Ireland. He lost two sons in the war, his means of living were destroyed, his family broken up. The severity with which he was treated in Fortress Monroe appears unjustifiable.

Let us turn from all this to his last days in his beloved Ireland in 1875, in sight of the familiar Mourne Mountains, with their ferny dells and clear, rushing brooks, to which he had turned with an aching longing during twenty-six years of exile. He died far away from wife and surviving children, but among near relatives, and, above all, with his comrade, John Martin, and he was buried in Irish soil. The touching friendship between Mitchel and Martin, such different men, is fully recorded in Mr. Dillon's work. Companions in youth, they were together in imprisonment and exile, and continued the closest friends, although Martin did not share his friend's views of slavery, and Mitchel affected to despise the home-rule principles and constitutional methods of Martin's later life. They died in the same house, and within a few days of each other.

This 'Life of John Mitchel' will, I believe, take and hold a place in Irish literature beside Wolfe Tone's autobiography. D. B.

DAUDET'S "IMMORTAL."

PARIS, July 12.

ALPHONSE DAUDET'S 'L'Immortel' appeared in numbers in an illustrated paper called the *Illustration*. It is now before me in the shape of a volume, and I read on its cover "quarantième mille"—for we no longer say first, second, third edition, but first, second, third, etc., thousand; and our authors in renown are not satisfied if the sale does not go as high as 100,000, just as our dramatists are not contented if they have not their hundred representations.

'L'Immortel' attracts much curiosity; it is a satire on the famous company of the "Immortals," the French Academy, and everybody is trying to place the real names under the names of the persons who appear in the novel. The same thing was done when La Bruyère published his 'Characters,' and I have several copies which bear the names (written in the margins) of the various persons who were supposed to have been the models of the great moralist. It is hardly necessary to say that Alphonse Daudet is a marvellous photographer, that his memory is very retentive, that his powers of description are extraordinary. He can bring life into any subject, he is never dull. His heroes and heroines seem really to move before our eyes, they have life, and they carry us with them into the turmoil of their agitated existence. In the case of this new book, I must, however, make immediately a remark: Daudet has deprived himself (and he has done so voluntarily) of one of the greatest elements of success in an artistic work. Afraid of being libellous, he borrowed traits from various characters and combined them in one. Every one of his Academical heroes is really a collection of several characters, and for this very reason they are wanting in unity, and therefore are not real creatures. Daudet himself said to a journalist who interviewed him, and asked if he was right in recognizing in Desmnières M. Camille Doucet, the present perpetual secretary of the Academy: "No, you can say that there is only one man whom I have remembered completely in painting Védrine (the artist who despises all conventionalities, all the Academic coteries, who is thoroughly independent, and lives only for his art and for his family), and that is the sculptor, Zacharie Astruc." (I must confess here, incidentally, that this Zacharie Astruc was unknown to me.)

The conversation between Daudet and the journalist proceeds, and the journalist says: "You must confess that your Danjou resembles Pailleron in his turn of mind and even in his person." "Evidently," answers Daudet, "as I said to you, there are reflections more or less strong. But, in reality, you cannot give a precise name, in an absolute manner, to a single one of my personages." It is true that whoever should amuse himself by taking all the personages of the story and making a list of them, and then writing opposite the names of the living models, would give an inexact account of the reality; what ought to be done is to write against each name of the novel two, if not three, names of real persons. But is not this a severe criticism of 'L'Immortel'? Can you make living people out of pieces? And is not a novel composed in this fashion a mere collection of anecdotes, thrown together without any order? The impression left on the mind is a sort of confusion; there is no unity in the design, and no logic in the development of the story.

Strangely enough, the real hero, if there is one, of 'L'Immortel,' in which you might have expected an Academician to be the central figure, is not an "Immortal." He is, to be sure, the son of one; a man who has the most utter contempt for all the vanities of the Academical world, a young architect, called Paul Astier, who believes in nothing but money, and all that money can give. Paul Astier is not a bad type. Daudet calls him amusingly a "struggle-for-lifer," in one word; he intends under this name a new race of ferocious young men, for whom the Darwinian invention of the struggle for existence becomes a sort of a scientific excuse for all sorts of infamies, great and small. Daudet says that their name has become legion. These precocious monsters have completely abolished all the old notions of duty; they consider that they have duties only towards themselves, and enter on life like young gladiators, believing that they have a right to cut their way across our civilization as they would across armed legions.

Paul Astier is a rising architect; he can build a fine hôtel for you, he began by building one for himself. He lives in great style and has got into debt; from time to time, he remembers that he has a father, Léonard Astier, an "Immortal" who spends all his money in collecting historical autographs, and a mother who is willing to do anything for him. Madame Astier deprives herself of everything for her son; she has been very handsome, and still has traces of beauty, but she wears old gowns. All her ambitions, all her hopes, are centred in the wicked and egoistical Paul. She despises her husband, who married her merely because her father was an Academician. Her beauty, her grace, were to him a stepping-stone; now she has become a stepping-stone for her son.

The young and embarrassed "struggle-for-lifer" wants to marry the rich Colette de Rosen. Readers of the 'Rois en exil' know Colette: she is the wicked young woman who married Herbert, the son of the devoted Rosen. Herbert was killed in an insurrection in Illyria, and Colette is the inconsolable widow, who parades her widowhood. She has a magnificent monument built at Père-Lachaise for Herbert, for the hero whom she has lost. But she thinks of marrying again, and Madame Astier suggests to her the Prince d'Athis, an old beau, devoted for many years to the Duchess Padovani (one of the great Egerias of the Academical world). The Prince is tired of the Duchess; he has accepted a post as Ambassador, and the world learns that he is going to marry Colette. Paul learns it from his mother, who was ignorant of his own designs on Colette; she did not know that the latter had once taken him to the mausoleum, on a fine evening, on the hill overhanging Paris—a scene not very dissimilar to the famous scene in the 'Matron of Ephesus.'

Paul Astier hears of the impending marriage of Colette with the Prince, and he goes to join his mother, who is at the Théâtre-Français in the box of a lady who is one of the stars of the Academical society. He takes his mother a moment aside. "'Speak quick,' he begins. 'Is Samy going to marry?' [Samy is the familiar name of the Prince]. 'Yes, the Duchess has known it since yesterday; but she has come here nevertheless. They are so proud, these Corsicans.' 'And the name of the woman, can you tell it now?' 'Colette. Of course you must have suspected it.' 'Not in the least. . . . What are you going to get for that?' Triumphantly she whispered: 'Two hundred thousand—' 'Your intrigues cost me twenty millions—twenty millions and the woman,' and, wringing her wrists with rage, he threw in her face the word 'Gaffeuse!'" (*Faire une gaffe* is a slang term for making a mistake.)

Nice manners, nice people! Young Astier, who calls his mother "gaffeuse" (a mother who has just taken autographs from her husband's collection and sold them secretly to pay one of her son's bills), is not a man to submit at once to the decision of the wicked Colette. He will struggle first. He picks a quarrel with the Prince of Athis, with the full determination to kill him if he can. The scene of the duel is among the best in the book. The Prince ought to be killed. Paul is a good swordsman, and he feels that he owes it to himself to get rid of his enemy; but fate will not have it so—he is badly wounded himself. For a moment he gives up the struggle, and then remembers the Duchess Padovani, whom the Prince has left with great *éclat*, and from his bed he sends her a card, telling her that he has fought the duel in order to avenge her. The Duchess, who

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is thought to be inconsolable for the loss of the Prince, is in her country-house. As usual, she extends her hospitality to many Academical celebrities. They all come, and we hear their conversations, and are let into the secret of their intrigues. One room is empty, the room which used to be occupied by the Prince; but it remains not always empty, for the young architect, still pale, and hardly recovered from his wound, arrives, and is lodged in it, and becomes the shining star of the place.

The love scenes between the young man and the Duchess are very well drawn; they are a struggle, indeed, for the young and calculating Astier is determined to force the Duchess to marry him. He will not be contented with less; and we see the combat between her pride and the passion which she feels for the first time with a degree of violence she has not known before. She succumbs, pride is vanquished by love, and the young architect becomes Count Astier. He has no prejudices; the woman whom he marries is much older than he. When the new Roman Count informs his father of his marriage, the father says: "'You are going to marry? Whom?' 'The Duchess Padovani.' 'You are mad. The Duchess is twenty-five years older than you—and then—and then.' He hesitated, trying to find a respectful formula, and then brutally ejaculated, 'One does not marry a woman who, to everybody's knowledge, has belonged to another man for years.' 'This has never hindered us from dining regularly with her and incurring a thousand obligations to her,' said Mme. Astier." The father interferes too late; the marriage of his son is the last blow to his pride, and he has received already so many other blows: all his autographs have been found to be forgeries. He has been for years the prey of an impostor, and now all the world knows it and laughs at his credulity. The river is not far from the Institute; he has only a few steps to take to throw himself in the Seine—a very tragical end for a ridiculous "Immortal," and for which nothing has prepared us.

Léonard Astier-Réhu, Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, who ends in this way, is a very improbable character. The incident of the spurious autographs was taken by Daudet from the life of the famous Chasles, the mathematician, who never belonged to the French Academy. He has also borrowed another of his heroes from the Academy of Sciences. If Léonard Astier-Réhu is really M. Chasles, who has acquired a high renown by his 'Higher Geometry,' Réhu, the centenarian, the grandfather of Mme. Astier, is no other than our Chevreul, who celebrated two years ago his centenary, and who is now 102 years old. Chevreul is not an "Immortal"; he is only the oldest member of the Academy of Sciences. It seems as if Daudet had been afraid to enter the holy precincts of the forty "Immortals"; and though he desired to describe the vanities and follies of the literary Olympus, he takes us constantly out of it. Daudet has only alluded in the most distant manner to the great majority of the present members of the French Academy. Some of them are even intentionally ignored. The "Dukes" are only mentioned once or twice; in short, 'L'Immortel' has only the Academy as a sort of *cadre;* and the reader who expects to be taken into all the mysteries of Academical life will be somewhat disappointed.

LOCAL COLOR IN SEVILLE.

GRANADA, June 19.

SPAIN is doubtless the only country in the world where one can on the same day—within six hours'—admire and study two of the greatest masterpieces of Christian and Mohammedan architecture. I left the Cordovan Mosque one morning at ten o'clock for the railway station, and at four o'clock I was in the Seville Cathedral, thus having an excellent opportunity for comparison. In speaking of the Cordovan Mosque I ventured to question the appositeness of Gautier's comparison of the interior of that building to a marble forest. The *coro* which was stupidly built in the centre of the old mosque in 1523, militates against such an impression, and the red and yellow arches which were put up in 1713 in place of the original ornamented Moorish ceiling, are extremely unsuggestive of forest trees and their branches. To my mind this comparison to a forest seemed much more natural in the Seville Cathedral. Vast height, dim light, gloom and awe are the characteristics of a primitive forest, and all these, absent in Cordova, are to be found in the Cathedral of Seville. But if this Cathedral be compared to a petrified forest, it must be to a forest of giant trees, such as those in the Yosemite Valley. There is something supremely massive, colossal, mammoth, in the huge high pillars of this building — something which makes one wonder, as do the pyramids of Egypt, that human might should have sufficed to place these monstrous stones in an upright position and in symmetrical rows. The Cordovan pillars are mere walking-sticks in comparison, and the ceiling which they support only one-quarter as high as that in the Seville Cathedral, which is the largest—and its tower the highest—in Spain. So vast is its interior space that, notwithstanding its 93 windows, a dim, mysterious twilight pervades every part all day long. Yet, although Seville is the warmest and sunniest place in Spain, and this Cathedral its coolest spot, the flock of worshippers is very small indeed. The number of priests who officiate at the 30 chapels and 82 altars has been reduced from 133 to 97; but it seems as if to-day one-quarter that number would suffice for all needful purposes.

After seeing the Cathedral, the most important thing to do is to ascend its tower, the famous Giralda, and get a bird'seye view of the city and its surroundings. A glance suffices to show why Seville is such a warm place. The immediate surroundings are flat and marshy, and the encircling mountains, although they make a fine picture, are too far off to benefit the city with their breezes. But, as the roofs of the houses are mostly flat and of a Moorish character, the inhabitants can, on warm nights, wrap themselves in sheets and sleep in the open air. The belfry, near the top of the Giralda, has 22 bells, of which Ford remarks that "they are almost treated as persons, being all duly baptized, before they are suspended, with a peculiar oil, and they are christened after saints." Nevertheless they are subjected to the undignified treatment of being tied bottom side up—a somewhat risky arrangement, for if one of the ropes should break, a visitor standing underneath might suddenly find himself reduced to the alternative of following his head down into the street, or doing without one. The Spaniards have a peculiar way of ringing their church bells. They not only ring them as fast as fire bells, but, instead of moving them simply to and fro, they make them turn complete somersaults. The bell-ringers have to look out for their heads, under these circumstances, and I was told that a few years ago one of them was fatally injured.

Although the Giralda is 350 feet in height, it is so easy to ascend that one arrives at the top before one is aware, and without the slightest fatigue or necessity of pausing. The ascent has even been made with horses, for there are no steps, but a series of moderately inclined planes winding along the sides of the tower—an arrangement which ought to be adopted in other towers. It is not till one leaves Seville, and notes how the Cathedral, with its tower, looms up more and more above the houses, that one realizes the height of the Giralda. In the city itself the streets are so tortuous and narrow that one constantly loses sight of it, so that it does not serve so much as a useful guide-post as one might imagine and hope. Nevertheless, after Toledo and Cordova, some of the streets of Seville appear neither narrow nor labyrinthian, but almost modern and metropolitan. The most interesting of them is the Calle de Sierpes, which no wagon is allowed to enter, and which is lined with cafés, clubhouses, and elegant shops. Many of the shops are semi-Moorish; for although you do not see a turbaned Mohammedan squatting on his hind legs in a small booth open to the street, where customers, without leaving the street, bargain for the goods stored round about him, you *do* see no end of shops which are practically in the street, the whole front wall (consisting of doors) being removed in the daytime, so that the clerks can look up and down the street without getting from behind the counters. To the clerks, no less than the customers, it is a great boon to be thus all day long in the open air, instead of being cooped up, as elsewhere, in close, hot, stuffy rooms. Additional comfort and coolness is provided by stretching awnings across some of the streets, so that one can walk comfortably even in the early afternoon. But as this is done only in the principal streets, few of the natives go out at that hour. Everybody takes his *siesta* either in the house or in the street, and one has to take care in turning a corner not to stumble across men, or sometimes even women, fast asleep in a shady spot. Even the street-cars, which were built some months ago—by foreign enterprise, of course—are empty at that hour, though otherwise a paying investment. To an American it is difficult to realize that a city which once had 400,000 inhabitants, and still has 135,000, covering a very large territory, only just making up its mind to have means of cheap and rapid transit. But time is not money in Spain. If it were, the Spaniards would all be rich, for they have plenty of it.

What surprised me most in the streets of Seville was that even towards evening and at night they were by no means as crowded as I had been led to expect, nor was the evening promenade at all well attended, except on Sunday. Yet it is the orthodox thing for tourists who come to Seville from Cordova to contrast the bustle and animation of the first-named city with the tomb-like solitude of Cordova. I appealed to a resident Englishman for an explanation, and he said that the writers had not misrepresented the state of affairs, but that Seville was for the moment in an apathetic, comatose condition, because quite recently two leading banks, containing the savings of thousands, had failed. "However," he added, "the Andalusian never indulges long in any feeling, whether depressed or joyous, and in a few weeks Seville will probably be as gay as ever." Nevertheless, various indications led me to believe that Seville will never again be what it was in the times of the famous "Barber," even though its commercial activity is said to have been greatly stimulated by the improvements in the Guadalquivir which have made Seville accessible to the largest steamers.

My attention having been attracted by some

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peculiarly lugubrious music, I followed it to its source and came across a funeral procession. Its head was formed by a dozen boys bearing long candles. Then came the coffin, carried by four men, whose heads and bodies were buried under the cloth which covered the coffin, leaving only their legs visible, so that at the first moment I actually mistook the group for a huge animal. Priests followed, arrayed in black robes with red stripes, and the rear was brought up by the music, consisting of an oboe and two bassoons—a peculiarly melancholy combination—accompanying the solemn chant of the priests. The procession stopped in front of a house, and, with the bystanders, formed a group around the coffin, which was opened and the features of the corpse once more exposed to daylight. The crowd then dispersed, and the ecclesiastics returned to their haunts.

Half an hour later I came across a different procession, but quite as characteristic of the city and the country. A cow, gayly decked with flowers, was slowly led along the street by a girl, the rear being brought up by a blind man blowing a flageolet and beating a drum incessantly. A crowd of children followed, of course, and on inquiry I discovered that the cow was to be raffled for, any one paying a trifle and taking his chances. In the course of ten days I saw several of these processions in Seville. The lottery is, next to bull-fights, the great passion of the Spaniards.

The public lotteries are innumerable and on a large scale. If you sit in a café near a window, you will be annoyed every five minutes by a man or woman offering lottery tickets. They sell them at cost price, but expect a small gratuity. As Spaniards, at least the lower classes, rarely read a newspaper, the prizes are not printed in them, but are loudly proclaimed in the street by men who make a business of it, and who also expect a gratuity if they give you welcome news. But perhaps the most peculiar thing about Spanish lotteries is that the numbers immediately preceding or following the great prizes are also winning numbers. For instance, in one case where the highest prize was 200,000 francs, and five others were 40,000 each, the contiguous numbers above and below were worth 5,000 each. This is shrewd philosophy, for it is well known that the bitterest disappointment comes to those who get within one number of winning.

The lottery tickets are not sold in cigar-stores, as in most other countries, but in special shops which are almost as numerous as wine houses. To atone for this, the cigar-stores have a monopoly of a kind which strikes every foreigner as by far the oddest thing in Spain: the sale of postage stamps. You cannot get a stamp at a Spanish post-office for love or money. You get it at the nearest cigar-store, where also you will find a letter-box, and nowhere else except at the post-office. A strange story was told me by an English chaplain at Malaga. Casually strolling into a café one day, he noticed a number of letters stuck up on the wall, and to his supreme astonishment found that several of them were for him. On investigating the matter, he discovered that a postal clerk had entered into an arrangement with the cafetier to send him letters addressed to foreigners, the understanding being that the latter probably would pay him a fee for his trouble, or, at any rate, frequent the café! The chaplain referred the matter to the Consul, and the little game was stopped. Among the letters in the café were several addressed to parties, known to the chaplain, who had left weeks before. The moral would seem to be, don't address your letters *poste restante*, but send them to the Consul or the banker named in your letter of credit.

Registered letters appear to be safe, on the other hand, but the extraordinary precautions taken to make them safe appear like an accusation of general dishonesty. If you receive a registered letter, you have to return the envelope with the signature of your receipt. This is simple enough. The difficulty lies in knowing how to send off a registered letter. I shall never forget my first experience in that line. When I handed in my letter it was returned, with the remark that it must be sealed. I took it to a cigar-store and had a seal put on it, but again it was handed back. "There must be *five* seals," said the clerk. Not wishing to expose my ignorance to the black-eyed beauty in the cigar-store, I went to a stationer's and bought a bar of sealing-wax, but, having no stamp, used a coin instead. Once more the letter was returned: "The stamps on the sealing-wax must be all the same." In despair I took it back to the black-eyed girl and explained my difficulties. She put on the five seals, and then at last the letter was accepted. The most absurd part of the story is, that although Seville swarms with foreigners in spring, there are no directions regarding this matter posted up anywhere. Indeed, not even the time (three or four hours a day) when the post-office is open, is announced at the window. Obviously, the Spaniards are not much in need of postal facilities, and for a very good reason, since not much more than 25 per cent. of the population can write and read.

However, one can afford to put up with such little annoyances at Seville, which richly compensates them by its novel sights and inexhaustible art treasures. Seville is a city of historic contrasts. Having been successively a Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Moorish, and Catholic city, it preserves traces and monuments of almost all these dynasties. At the suburb Italica, the birthplace of three Roman emperors, the ruins of an ancient amphitheatre, with the various subterranean divisions for the gladiators and the wild beasts, may still be seen. The city itself is Moorish in the arrangement of the streets and the houses, and the Alcazar is the best preserved specimen of Moorish architecture in Spain. Adjoining it is the Christian Cathedral. In the streets the mediæval donkey grazes the modern horse-car. In the windows of the book-stores the latest French novels, and photographs of pictures from the last Salon, are exposed side by side with the omnipresent Murillos; and at the hotel sits an Englishman in a Moorish patio reading the last number of the London *Times*. These Moorish patios are, of all the sights in Seville, the most interesting. One finds imperfect specimens of them further north, at Cordova and even Toledo, and a few also at Malaga and Granada and elsewhere, but Seville is the place where the delightful Moorish courtyard is seen at its best. There are patios of all sizes and degrees of splendor, but always patios, in every house, and one never tires of peeping into them on walking along the streets. This is easily done, for even if the iron gate which leads to the patio is not open, one can look through the interstices left by its elegantly wrought and painted configurations. In the finest of these square courtyards the floor is of marble, and the walls inlaid with elegant mosaic. In the centre is a flower plot, or a fountain surrounded with flowers, or statuary. Marble columns on each side support the inside projection of the upper story, which is sometimes provided with windows, while the patio itself is open above to the sky at night, and covered in the daytime with an awning, so that it serves at all hours as a refrigerator for the house and its inhabitants. Here the Sevillans hold their morning and afternoon receptions, and here they breathe the fresh air, which accounts for the plump figures and the sparkling eyes of the women. On warm afternoons it is 8 to 10 degrees cooler in the patio and the adjoining rooms than in the upper story of the house; a fact which tourists will do well to remember. I see no reason why these patios should not be universally introduced in warm climates, and I believe they will be as soon as some one sets the fashion. I met a California millionaire who vowed he was going to build a house in the Moorish style, and who was busy at the time getting the prices of some elegant tiles, which he pronounced very cheap.

By far the most sumptuous patios are of course to be found in the Alcazar. I must confess that I was more impressed and thrilled by the marvels of this palace than subsequently by the Alhambra itself, for the simple reason that the Alcazar, having so long been used as a royal residence, is in a better state of preservation. The charms of this palace are bewildering, and can no more be described in words than the love-duo from "Tristan und Isolde." I always thought the comparison of architecture to "frozen music" (attributed sometimes to Goethe, sometimes to Mme. de Staël) rather far-fetched, until the moment I saw this Alcazar. Here, as in an opera, one can yield himself merely to the general impression of the situation, or else one can pursue the details attentively, and ever discover new beauties and unsuspected relationships. The variety of patterns on the walls and ceilings is incredible, and more than kaleidoscopic. There are geometric figures, stars, leaves, flowers, lions, birds, and creatures half fish, half plant, besides Arabic letters and proverbs, and all these as subtly interwoven and endlessly varied as the harmonies in a modern orchestral score. And the instrumentation of all this—the coloring—is truly Wagnerian. No two rooms are alike, a different tint prevailing in each—red in one, blue, green, or gold in others. And most beautiful of all are the black squares, whose glazed surface is iridescent, reflecting all the colors of the rainbow. At the moment I felt as if I would rather be the creator or owner of this building than of all the Gothic cathedrals I had ever seen. A delightful solitude reigns throughout the Alcazar. I saw no living being except an artist copying a ceiling. The wind was whistling dismally through the empty spaces, and I could not help thinking how these sounds, so romantic to a modern visitor, must have harassed and haunted Don Pedro the Cruel after he had caused his brother to be murdered in one of these apartments.

The Sevillans are obviously proud of their Moorish patios and their belongings, for they still build their new houses in the same style. The leading hotel has two fine patios, with a fish-pond, flowers, and fountain, where one can always find a comfortable temperature. At night the perfume in this patio is so rich and overpowering that one almost hesitates to admit the air from it into one's bedroom. But it must be done, for to open the window looking on the street is to bid good-bye to all chances of sleep, not only on account of the belated revellers who wend their way home noisily at intervals till four or five o'clock, but chiefly on account of the watchman, the *sereno*. This lugubrious individual, armed with a spear and a lantern, perambulates the streets all night long, endowed with a threefold function, his first duty being to preserve order, his second to open doors, his third to sing out the hour of the night. As in Berlin, so in Spanish

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cities, persons living in apartment-houses carry no keys, but are dependent at night for admission on the watchman, who appears with his bunch of keys and unlocks the door, after he has heard them yell "Sereno" at the top of their voice. This is bad enough, but his song is worse. Every half-hour he sings his Ave Maria at every corner, *fortissimo*, winding up by stating the condition of the weather. As this is almost always "serene" in Spain, his name is plausibly accounted for. Possibly an audacious philologist might also trace the word serenade to this source.

Notwithstanding the *sereno* nuisance, I prolonged my stay in Seville three days in order to see what is considered its most interesting festival, the Corpus Christi procession. Great preparations are made for this, and thousands flock to see it from the country and neighboring towns. Five days before the great day, workmen began to put awnings over all the streets and squares along which the procession was to pass, and chairs were placed in every available corner, with flowers in the background. In the cathedral the columns were wrapped in gorgeous velvet cloths, and in every part of the town, even in the remotest suburbs, women and children were busy the day before the festival in sweeping the streets clean. The procession itself was hardly worth seeing, its principal feature being a number of images of saints carried along by priests on their shoulders. Much more interesting was it, after seeing the slow procession, to get ahead of it some distance and observe the Andalusians, in all their glory, who lined the whole way, sitting on rows of chairs on both sides, and occupying all the windows and balconies, some of which were gayly draped like opera boxes. It was a beauty show such as I had never before seen; and hardly less interesting was the sight of the soldiers who were placed along the whole route in two lines, either on foot or mounted on Andalusian steeds, proud as their masters and graceful as the señoritas who looked on them with their big black eyes.

Before the procession had formed, I witnessed the most unique incident of the Festival—the *ballet in the Cathedral*. This was not so startling as its name implies. A dozen beautiful boys went through various simple evolutions, singing an air which sounded like a Mozart minuet, and accompanied by flutes and violins. Twice, in the concluding measures, the castanets were used, and these, associated with dance halls, did have an odd effect in the echoing cathedral. The musical effect of the performance was delicious, and none but the most bigoted could have taken offence at the dancing, which was, after all, but a slight exaggeration of the processions that can be witnessed in other cathedrals.

In the evening another and quite unexpected musical treat awaited me, which was also a delightful bit of local color. As we were at dinner, at the Hôtel de Madrid, enter suddenly a dozen students in the old-fashioned Salamanca costume, with picturesque cloaks and hats. They marched around the table twice, playing a gay march, and then took seats arranged for them on one side, where they played for us over an hour. The band comprised violins, flutes, a 'cello, tambourine, and several guitars, and the effect was very Spanish and very enjoyable. When dessert came on the table, they marched out again, and subsequently played another hour in the picturesque patio, being assisted by a lovely young girl, who played the castanets and danced with bewitching grace. And, strange to say, no collection was taken up. The host had evidently arranged all this as a treat for his guests. Was there ever host so generous? After all, Spain remains the land of romance.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Correspondence.

DR. VON HOLST AND HIS CRITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Although I think that, in the opinion of every fair-minded person, I might claim as my right to be heard once more in self-defence, since I am exposed to a regular onset from correspondents of the *Nation*, yet I would keep silent if I was but personally concerned in these attacks. The fact that my writings have been for a number of years pretty extensively used in several American colleges forbids this course, because silence might be interpreted as a confession of having been proved to be such an utterly unreliable and worthless guide as those correspondents assert. To refute their general and sweeping statements in a few lines is, in the nature of the case, impossible. All I can do is, to show that anybody who cares to know what Dr. von Holst says and thinks, has to take the trouble to read his writings, and not to go to "N. Z.," "G. B.," or Wm. M. Meigs. For this purpose two exemplifications are sufficient.

Is it fair of "N. Z." (*Nation*, June 14) to prove the injustice of my complaint, that he has misstated my assertion, by referring the reader to a letter of "A. B. H." published several weeks before in the *Nation*? What he ought to have done I shall do now, viz., put "N. Z.'s" statement and "A. B. H.'s" translation side by side. According to "N. Z.'s" first letter, I said in the incriminated article, "that Senators rather than members of the lower house are regarded by the masses of the people as their genuine representatives." "A. B. H." translates the decisive sentence of the original thus: "The people of a State *as a whole* (*Gesammtbevoelkerung*) recognize the Senators as their representatives rather than the Congressional delegation of the State, *taken as a whole* (*die Gesammtheit der Repraesentanten*)." I do not deem it necessary to add a single word to point out the enormous difference between this assertion and the idea conveyed by "N. Z.'s" version; but I cannot help declaring that it is beyond my power of conception how any thinking person, having read the whole preceding argument, of which this sentence is but the culmination, *can* fail to grasp this difference.

What I said in my former letter about distinguishing between a *fact* and *the theory of the law* may not have been sufficiently clear to those who have not read the article; but "N. Z." ought to have had no difficulty in understanding what I meant. I have tried to prove in my article that, although the President exercises a great INFLUENCE *on* legislation—*as a fact* AND *by right*—yet the Constitution does not give him any SHARE *in the legislative power* ("*Einfluss auf* die Gesetzgebung, aber nicht ANTHEIL *an der gesetzgebenden Gewalt*"). How much the arguments adduced for this opinion may be worth, everybody has to decide for himself; but it rests on *arguments*, and arguments require refutation by arguments. Neither the fact that I have been inconsistent with regard to some other question—as Mr. Meigs asserts, but I flatly deny, so far as the example adduced by him is concerned—nor that I am a foreigner and my opponent, "N. Z.," "to the manner born," nor, finally, "G. B.'s" accusation that I am an enemy of republican institutions, or even a broad hint that I might be a bought tool of Bismarck, can I acknowledge to be such arguments.

That is my last word in this controversy. So far as depends upon myself, everybody shall have henceforth a perfectly unencumbered field to tear to pieces not only the scholar, but also the man who has proved his hatred of and contempt for the United States in the singular way of making the study of their history and institutions his life-task, and who, in his own country, is at every opportunity run down on account of the taints his mind has received by contact with transatlantic republicanism. Whenever my critics—I beg to assure them—attack me with facts or arguments from which I can derive some instruction (as I have done from many a letter of "G. B.'s" to the *Nation*), I shall thank them most sincerely, no matter how much my vanity may have to suffer by it. But for such wounds as they have inflicted this time, a plaster is furnished by such a generous letter as that of my former pupil, "A. B. H.," and the encouragement just received from another younger American scholar of acknowledged ability and promise: "Though many Americans wince under your criticism of our vanity and sentimentality, I hope you will long continue to tell us what 999 of every 1,000 are too vain to recognize of their own account."

Very respectfully, H. VON HOLST.

FREIBURG IM BR., July 8, 1888.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Walter Besant writes to the *Nation* that, in my paper on the People's Palace, I made a grave mistake in supposing that the audience at the Sunday organ recital is not an audience of genuine workmen. But the mistake I really made was to suppose that the Palace, opened by the Queen, patronized by the Drapers' Company—a title for its clerk being the price of their patronage—and managed by a select committee from the West End, was designed for the class of workpeople who figure in Mr. Besant's novels, and who certainly cannot afford to wear broadcloth and a white collar on Sunday, to waste much money on drink, or, for that matter, to pay even the smallest initiation fee at the Palace. According to Mr. Besant's letter, the great majority with whose misery he has elsewhere asked us to sympathize, have no right to whatever amusements and privileges the Palace affords. The well-to-do workman who, in East End language, wears a 'igh 'at on a Sunday, is provided with another club and library; the men and women who starve on from four to thirteen shillings a week can, as heretofore, seek their recreation and improvement on the streets. But I find there is a great difference between the American and the English idea of a workman. School-teachers, small tradesmen, and clerks, who at home establish their own institutes and clubs, are here included in the working class, and become objects of benevolence for St. Jude's Church missions and People's Palaces.

N. N.

LONDON, July 10, 1888.

PROF. LE CONTE'S EVOLUTION AND THEOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the interesting notice of Prof. Le Conte's 'Evolution, and its Relations to Religious Thought,' in the *Nation* of July 12, it is stated that, according to the author, the spirit of man was developed out of the anima or conscious principle of animals, and that this again was developed out of the lower forms

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of life force, and this in its turn out of the chemical and physical forces of nature. This appears sufficiently clear and emphatic. But, in a subsequent paragraph, Prof. Le Conte is credited with maintaining that between the different planes of existence there is "a very distinct break." The passage from one plane to another is said to be "not a gradual passage by sliding scale, but at one bound." An "irruption of the Universal Energy into a higher plane" is spoken of. May I ask what consistent scientific meaning the word development (or evolution) can have when it is no longer antithetical to "distinct breaks," "bounds," and "irruptions"? The whole effort of the evolutionary theory is to do away with breaks and leaps. To the extent that one admits them, does not one practically go into the old camp? I ask simply in the interest of clear thinking and honest expression.

"Old things need not be therefore true,
O brother men, nor yet the new;
Ah! still awhile the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again."

To one reader it looks as if Prof. Le Conte's scheme were simply one more "repetition of the nauseating incongruities which have so often been put forward under the guise of a 'reconciliation of science and religion.'"

W. M. S.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 19, 1888.

THE WIRE-ROD INDUSTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 28, p. 519, you published that the ad-valorem duty on the raw material of fence wire is about 70 per cent., when it is exactly 45 per cent. You published that there were less than six rod mills here, whereas there are 33 in all. You published that there were less in the aggregate than 100 men employed. I am far within the mark when I say there are more than 1,500 men on rod-mill pay-rolls, and more than 10,000 men, besides, making iron and steel for these rod mills. Last year the domestic rod mills made fully 180,000 gross tons (2,240 lbs.) of rods. This year we know the ten leading manufacturers will make 273,000 gross tons. The money value of these 273,000 tons will, at least, be $11,193,000. A minute's reflection will satisfy you that more than ten thousand men are needed to make eleven million dollars' worth of rods, although not all directly rolling them. The cause of the large increase in American production is, that nearly all the foreign rods are made in Germany, and are marketed by a pool at about £5 12s. 0d., f.o.b. Antwerp, while they sell to their home consumers at from £5 17s. 6d., to £6 0s. 0d.

JOHN STEVENSON, JR.,
President New Castle Wire Nail Co.

NEW CASTLE, PA., July 11, 1888.

[We have abridged our correspondent's communication, deeming the censure with which he accompanied his correction quite uncalled for. We simply summarized a letter to the protectionist *Iron Age* which passed the scrutiny of the editor of that journal, and in which the writer pleaded for a lower duty on steel-wire rods as an aid to American industry engaged in the manufacture of fence wire. We did not adopt his statistics, or base any conclusions upon them.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

A SERIES entitled "Romantic Tales" is projected by Brentano, embracing "the best works of the day," and such as have never before been translated. Balzac, Féval, and Sardou will furnish the material of the first volume.

'Almost,' a novel by John S. Shriver of the Baltimore *American*, is in the press of Lombard, Druid & Co., Baltimore.

The Semitic Seminary of the Johns Hopkins University, under the lead of Prof. Paul Haupt and with foreign coöperation, intends to publish a complete edition of the works of Edward Hincks, "the greatest of all cuneiformists." Dr. Cyrus Adler communicated this purpose to the American Oriental Society, with a tentative list of Hincks's writings, which is printed in the May volume of the Society's Proceedings. The earliest dates back to 1838; the latest to 1866. This undertaking will be an important preparation for the Seminary's proposed Assyrian-English glossary.

Two volumes of correspondence of the historian Motley are announced to be published in London by John Murray.

The Plays of Wycherley have been added to the "Mermaid Series" (London: Vizetelly & Co., 1888), under the editorial care of W. C. Ward. Macaulay's fragment upon the dramatist, from the essay upon the 'Comic Dramatists of the Restoration,' is reprinted, with notes to correct its inaccuracies, and a few footnotes to the text appear at the bottom of the pages. Mr. Ward's Introduction enters into a somewhat labored defence of Wycherley's literary immoralities, which had perhaps better be accepted as a part of the inevitable of history, without too much remark. The edition is a very convenient one, unexpurgated, and supplies a want of the libraries.

Routledge & Sons have published a translation of Alphonse Daudet's 'Trente ans de Paris,' with the original illustrations. 'Thirty Years of Paris' gives a very fair impression of the fragmentary but interesting volume which this popular writer made up last winter from scattered articles, in which he had formerly related some of the experiences of his first hard years in Paris, when he was serving his apprenticeship to the trade of writing. These articles originally saw the light in various periodicals and newspapers, not only of Paris, but of places as foreign to the writer as St. Petersburg and New York. Most of them appeared eight or ten years ago, and none are new, which makes the title something of a misnomer, for when the latest of the articles were written it was but little more than twenty years from the day, in 1857, when Daudet, then a boy of seventeen, first went up to Paris, with a prospective volume of poems in his pocket, to conquer a place, which he has since made so large, in the literary world of the capital.

The eleventh volume of the *Overland Monthly* (Jan.-June, 1888) is before us. This California magazine has always preserved a local flavor, and the recent resort to illustrations has intensified this quality. As memoranda at least, the "process" cuts from photographs will grow in value with time. There are many of them in this volume. Akin in interest are such facsimiles as accompany the article on "Pioneer Illustration in California," and sundry antiquarian tail-pieces.

It seems odd, with the first volume of the *Legislative Record* for the State of New York before us, to be told that the publication is absolutely new. The wisely drawn statute ordering it prescribed that the stenographers should set down everything pertaining to the course of business, except the debates. We have here, therefore, the actual proceedings of the Senate and Assembly during the one-hundred-and-eleventh session, from day to day. At the end of the volume are lists of members, of committees, of laws passed, of Senators and Assemblymen, 1872–1888 (by district), and of "Assemblymen who have become prominent, 1872–1888" (it is enough to have been promoted to the upper chamber to become "prominent"). The General Index is scanty, and indeed an index to such a document presents great difficulties. The publishers are James B. Lyon & Co., Albany.

'John Greenleaf, Minister; or, the Full Stature of a Man,' by Julian Warth, just published by the D. Lothrop Co. of Boston, in their "Lothrop's Summer Series," is an old book with a new name. It was first published in 1886 with the title, 'The Full Stature of a Man.' No notice of this change of name is given in the book.

Mr. Waters's "Genealogical Gleanings in England," in the July number of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, concern an Ames family of Massachusetts, of which an early member is commemorated in Sibley's 'Harvard Graduates,' and collaterally the posterity of Ezekiel Cheever, the famous master of the Boston Latin School; the Fawkner family, and collaterally Hancocks and Buckleys; and Rogerses, in the John Harvard connection. Elizabeth Fawkner, whose will is given, bequeathed in 1720 the remainder of her books to "some public place or library either in New England or where else they [her executors] shall think most proper."

We observe that Mr. S. S. Rider, in his *Book-Notes* (Providence, R. I.), thinks he has identified the book referred to in the will of Dr. John Clarke, one of the early Rhode Island worthies, when he speaks of "my Concordance, and Lexicon to it belonging, written by myself, being the fruit of several years' study." The library of Harvard University possesses two copies of "Holy Oyle for the Lampes of the Sanctuaries; or, Scripture Phrases Alphabetically Disposed for the Use and Benefit of such as desire to speake the Language of Canaan, more especially the sonnes of the prophets who would attain elegancie and sublimity of expressions, by John Clarke, Master of Arts" (London, 1630). The author says of it that "I never hitherto sawe or heard of any of this nature in any language now extant"; *i. e.*, a concordance, commentary, and well-spring of Scriptural phraseology. The work implies a classical training which the Rhode Islander is not known to have had.

In the July number of the Lincolnshire *Notes and Queries* (Horncastle, Eng.), inquiry is made concerning Roger Williams in a rather slighting way. "This erratic person may, possibly, in some respects, have little claim to remembrance"—the invention of "soul liberty" notwithstanding. The writer, "A. C.," intimates that an authentic life of Williams is likely to be forthcoming, and asks what evidence there is of him in Lincolnshire, where notoriously he spent some portion of the years 1625–1631, at Sempringham, though, so far as known, not as vicar or curate.

Prof. A. S. Packard contributes an interesting historical sketch on "The Geographical Evolution of Labrador" to the June *Bulletin* of the American Geographical Society. The ordinary knowledge of this land, he says, is as vague and indefinite as in the times of Cabot." Its shores are very imperfectly charted, its po-

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pulation is dying out; yet "its unexplored bays and rivers will always remain full of interest to our adventurous yachtsmen, as well as to the naturalist and traveller." Mr. William Butler Ogden's "Four Days in Petra" is illustrated in an interesting manner from photographs. Mr. George C. Hurlbut, in his "Origin of the Name America," shows little mercy to Prof. Jules Marcou's theory.

A very lucid address to the American Institute of Mining Engineers on the "Geological History of the Yellowstone National Park," by Arnold Hague, of the United States Geological Survey, is printed in the Transactions of the Institute. Mr. Hague is the highest authority on the subject of the Park, has interceded with Congress to give it more exact and natural boundaries, and will in time produce a survey of this great reservation which will leave nothing to be desired. He establishes very clearly its volcanic character, eruptions having ceased at a remote period; describes the all-covering flow of rhyolite which glacial, atmospheric, and aqueous erosion has been at work upon ever since without laying bare the underlying rock; shows how the ice-sheets from the western and eastern mountain-rims made joint deposit of their freight of bowlders in the Lower Yellowstone Valley; discusses the cause of the geysers and the rate of deposit, from which a period of at least 25,000 years is determinable; intimates that the arsenical waters may yet vie in curative attractiveness with those of La Bourboule in France. "No hot springs with which I am acquainted," says Mr. Hague, "prove so delightful for bathing purposes and so agreeable in their action upon the skin."

A subject of much complexity and no little political significance is dealt with by Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites in his essay on the "Boundaries of Wisconsin," printed in vol. xi of the Wisconsin Historical Collections. Step by step, and with the aid of maps, the breaking up of the Northwest Territory into Territories and States is described, and due emphasis is laid on the indifference paid by Congress to the stipulations of the Northwest Ordinance relating to boundaries. In all these enactments, too, we have the most irrefragable proof of the complete authority asserted and exercised by Congress over the Territories before the Slave Power found it convenient to deny the right.

A little pamphlet comes to us from Winston, N. C., prepared by President Battle of the University of North Carolina. It undertakes to account for the names of the several counties of the State, and to give "the history involved in them." These divisions are very numerous, have been two hundred years in forming (1672–1872), and present the usual variety of aboriginal, old-country, local and national, military and partisan nomenclature.

In discussing "British Interests in Africa" in the July *Contemporary*, Mr. J. Scott Keltie contends that in the recent "scramble" by the European Powers for that continent Great Britain has secured the "choicest fragments." She has practically the whole of Southern Africa, that part best suited for European colonization; the greater part of the Niger, giving easy access to the rich and flourishing provinces of the central Sudan, while the fertile Lake country and the vast grazing region of Somali-Land have been brought under her "sphere of influence." He advocates the federation of the South African States, the extension of British territory to the Zambesi, repudiating Portugal's claim to Matebele-Land, and the purchase of Delagoa Bay, the natural and only port of the Transvaal and Bechuana-Land. While the free navigation of the Zambesi, still refused by Portugal, is insisted upon, the Nyassa territory, though exploited solely by British capital, must be relinquished, as it is completely hemmed in by the possessions of Portugal and Germany.

The *Art Review* for July-August (New York: Geo. F. Kelly) is, as usual, more attractive by reason of its illustrations than of its text. The article on the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, by E. H. Greenleaf, is, of course, authoritative; the art of Mr. Wm. Hamilton Gibson receives a tribute from Chas. M. Skinner, and the "Picturesque Adirondacks" are described by George Forbes, with the aid of a number of photogravures after photographs from nature in that region — of varying excellence. The chief full-page plates are the jaunty "Passing Glance," etched after Carroll Beckwith by F. W. Freer; Walter Shirlaw's "Spirit of the Lily," Kenyon Cox's "Painting" (an allegorical figure), George Hitchcock's clever "Tulip Culture," and a "Portrait of a Lady," by Wm. M. Chase. Mr. Kelly, having thus launched the *Review* on its third volume, announces that in September he will begin to issue the fortnightly *Art Courier*, a journal of current news, accompanied regularly by a supplemental photogravure. Thirty of the plates made by this process for vols. i and ii of the *Review*, now out of print, will be shortly issued in an *édition de luxe* as the first series of the 'American Art Portfolio.' The prints will be on soft Japanese paper.

The *Portfolio* for July (Macmillan) is an exceptionally entertaining and profitable number. The frontispiece is (we are assured) a fairly good photogravure after D. G. Rossetti's famous panel, "Ecce Ancilla Domini." The head of Mary was studied from the artist's sister, Miss Christina Rossetti, whose admirers have in this print, therefore, "a true and just likeness, with hardly any alteration," of her. The sculptor Woolner is portrayed, less closely, in the face of Gabriel. There is a third "conversation" on book illustrations, in which Mr. Hamerton, so far as we may identify him with the Critic of this group, indulges in the rather startling dictum that "in fact, a pure photograph from nature is out of place in any book whatever." This would exclude portraits as well as landscapes. Another conversation is promised. Accompanying pen-and-ink views of Charlecote House and park is a paper by Sidney L. Lee, examining the tradition of Shakspere's relations to Sir Thomas Lucy, and giving some account of this personage and his descendants.

We congratulate the Geological Survey of New Jersey on the completion of its great Atlas of the State by the publication of the relief map, the last of the series. We are here shown at a glance, by delicate conventional tints, a diversified surface that ranges from ocean's level to heights little exceeding 1,500 feet. Contour lines, numbered, give the exact elevation from point to point. On this map, also, the railroad systems are delineated to great advantage, being broadly divisible into two groups—the constant lines seeking the metropolis of the country, and running parallel with the Appalachian axis; the others, at right angles to the foregoing, whose heaviest business is in summer, and whose function is to bring sweltering humanity to the salt water. There are also lines on the outermost coast for nearly two-thirds the entire length of it. The mechanical execution of this sheet is fully up to the standard of Mr. Bien's establishment, to which we owe the present high standing of American cartography.

The Canadian Institute, 46 Richmond Street East, Toronto, has put out a "Sociological Circular," soliciting coöperation in the task of collecting reliable data concerning the political and social institutions, customs, ceremonies, etc., of the Indian people of the Dominion. Suitable papers upon the topics indicated will be published in the Institute's Proceedings. The Canadian Pacific Railway carries free of charge packages intended for the Institute's Museum, which is open daily.

—The August *Atlantic* brings to us President Eliot's Washington address before the National Education Association last February, in which he compares the work done by the French and the American schoolboy, not to the latter's advantage. He argues in favor of an intelligent effort to shorten and enrich the present school programmes, but he does not specify desirable changes so much as indicate them by a general criticism. He protests against the very common idea that a child should "master" one study of an allied group or one topic of a study before proceeding to the next, and equally against the notion that exact accuracy is to be required of a child, and reviews, examinations, and tests enforced to this end. In other words, his criticism relates to the method as much as to the substance of study. He observes that a child's mind is tried by lack of interest in its work quite as often as by over-exertion in study, and in some cases the tedium that arises when a quick mind is not fully occupied must also count in reckoning up the causes which are usually lumped together as "overwork." He advises, also, a larger employment of male teachers, on the ground that better instruction will result from the more permanent tenure and less frequent interruption in labor which may be expected from men. The most effective portion of the address, however, consists less in such suggestions than in the showing made of the inferiority of our schools as compared with French schools for the same years; and the effect of this is enhanced by the further statement that students are so held back that the printed schedules for children entering at eleven years in fact apply to children who enter at an average age of thirteen years and three months, in the case of a school of such rank as the Boston Latin School. There are other educational and literary articles of considerable interest in the number, among which the sketch of Sidonius Apollinaris and a first paper on the "Prometheus" of Æschylus give a strong classical tone. Mr. Edmund Noble's description of Moscow is one of the best papers of travel that we have recently seen; the account of the priests is especially interesting and fresh.

—The eighth volume of Franklin's Works as edited by Mr. John Bigelow and published by the Messrs. Putnam relates to the years 1782-84, while the American Minister was still domiciled at Passy. Gout and the gravel were greatly diminishing the pleasure of existence without affecting his intellect or his disposition. Upwards of a hundred pages are devoted to his journal of the negotiations for peace, and there is much correspondence touching the same subject. A manifest sense of relief when the treaty was beyond peradventure, marks the letters to his old friends whom he had somewhat neglected for state affairs. It was his privilege to witness the second balloon ascension by means of rarefied air as devised by the Montgolfiers, and the first and second in which men were carried up. Both he and Sir Joseph Banks, to whom he sent minute reports of his observations, entertained the idea that the attachment of the balloon to wagons might enable carters to dispense with just so much horse power. No other scientific topic in this

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volume possesses an equal interest. Pithy sayings abound, and in especial the attainment of peace permits Franklin freely to give to war the bad character it deserves. He reiterates his opinion in the proverbial form, "There never was a good war or a bad peace." "All wars," he says again, "are follies, very expensive, and very mischievous ones. When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration? Were they to do it even by the cast of a die, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other." He greatly preferred the peaceable turkey as the emblem of the United States to the bald eagle—"a bird of bad moral character," lazy, piratical, and cowardly. Medallists then, he observed, made the eagle more like a turkey; in our day, the type has been likened to the turkey-buzzard. In line with the foregoing are Franklin's remarks on practical goodness. "If we may estimate the goodness of a man by his disposition to do good, and his constant endeavors and success in doing it, I can hardly conceive," he said, speaking of the late Dr. Fothergill, "that a better man has ever existed." And of Thomas Hollis: "It is prodigious the quantity of good that may be done by one man, *if he will make a business of it.*" Expressing his indebtedness to Cotton Mather's 'Essays to do Good,' he said it had caused him always to "set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good* than on any other kind of reputation."

—In the paper correcting the amusing foreign misconceptions of American conditions, he speaks of the cold shoulder given by the State governments to clamor for bounties and protective duties, "on this principle, that if the country is ripe for the manufacture, it may be carried on by private persons to advantage; and if not, it is a folly to think of forcing nature."

"The manufacture of silk, they [the governments] say, is natural in France, as that of cloth in England, because each country produces in plenty the first material; but if England will have a manufacture of silk as well as that of cloth, and France of cloth as well as that of silk, *these unnatural operations must be* supported by mutual prohibitions, or high duties on the importation of each other's goods; by which means the workmen are enabled to tax the home consumer by greater prices, while the higher wages they receive make them neither happier nor richer, since they only drink more and work less."

On another occasion he says, both tersely and truly:

"In general, I would only observe that commerce, consisting in a mutual exchange of the necessaries and conveniences of life, the more free and unrestrained it is, the more it flourishes, and the happier are all the nations concerned in it. Most of the restraints put upon it in different countries seem to have been the projects of particulars for their private interest, under pretence of public good."

—At the Marietta Centennial last week relics made a notable figure. But none of those in the relic-hall had any connection with the Northwest running backward further than the year 1788, when Marietta, first-born of Ohio towns, was founded. Hence, a Wisconsin relic exhibited by Prof. J. D. Butler, in his speech as Commissioner representing that State, excited special interest. That relic had to do with Wisconsin more than a century before the forefathers of Ohio landed at Marietta. It was the most hallowed article used in the mass of the Catholic Church—the case in which the host is raised for popular veneration—called in French *soleil*, as a circlet like the solar orb, and in English *monstrance*, as demonstrating the sacramental wafer, or, for a like reason, *ostensory*. The specimen exhibited by Prof. Butler bears beneath its base, in letters rudely cut but perfectly legible, the following legend: "+ *ce soleil a este donne par Mr Nicolas Perrot a la mission de St. Francois Xavier en la Baye des Puants + 1686.*" A literal translation of this old French is: "This *soleil* has been given by Monsieur Nicolas Perrot to the Mission of St. Francis Xavier at the Bay of the Puans [Green Bay] in the year 1686." Nicholas Perrot came to Green Bay in 1685, as Governor of the French Northwest. As fur-trader and Indian Agent, Perrot had been acquainted with the Green Bay Mission from the outset. He had seen there, as Marquette did, two thousand proselytes in 1673. But the monstrance he saw there was rude, being beaten out of native copper by the goldsmith of the Mission. It was natural, therefore, that he should have brought to the mission church where he had been wont to worship a more artistic article for its most sacred rite.

—Perrot's ostensory is all of silver repoussé work, surmounted by a cross, and fifteen inches high. From the circular shrine of the host twenty-four points, half rayonnant, half flamboyant, shoot out. On the whole, this survival is as elegant as it is sacred. But as a unique historic memorial of the early Northwest its interest is preëminent. After years of research in this line Prof. Butler has discovered nothing in the Northwest, or indeed in the Southwest, which approaches the antiquity of it—no dated remain which attests such an antiquity as the monstrance figures. In fact, such a discovery seems impossible in view of historic records. The Iroquois, masters of all the region south of the Lakes and east of Lake Michigan, effectually repelled the French from their domains. Accordingly, there were no civilized pioneers of the seventeenth century established in Ohio, or Indiana, or the lower peninsula of Michigan. The first French in Illinois came thither through Wisconsin. The mission in Ontario, east of Lake Huron, was destroyed in 1649 by the Iroquois. The fugitive converts found no secure asylum till they arrived at Green Bay, west of Lake Michigan. Shepherds follow the sheep, and so the first Wisconsin missions came into existence. One result was, that we have good maps of Lakes Superior and Michigan made before the lower lakes were explored. The fathers built blockhouses and chapels, not without spectacular display; they introduced garden products, fowls, sheep, swine; they brought in blacksmiths and other artisans. In view of these historic details, Prof. Butler held that Wisconsin, though admitted into the Union long after all other States of the old Northwest, was in truth the oldest of them all, being able to show an organized, civilized, and Christianized community earlier than any of them.

—Among our younger meteorologists, no one is more worthy of the reputation he is making than Prof. Winslow Upton of Brown University. As Secretary of the New England Meteorological Society, he has been conducting an investigation of the great storm of the 11th-14th March last, aided by a grant from the Trustees of the Elizabeth Thompson Science Fund. While the storm possessed an exceptional interest for the general public, it is found to have not less for the meteorologist also. Its peculiar characteristics were (1) the rapidity with which its energy was developed, (2) the excessive precipitation, chiefly in the form of snow, and (3) the fact that its maximum intensity was limited to a relatively small area. This lay in the south of New England, where, fortunately, there were abundant observers. Prof. Upton's discussion is based upon more than 500 reports, about one-half of which were furnished by the regular observers of the Society, thirteen being Observers of the United States Signal Service, while about one-tenth came from vessels off the coasts, through Commander Bartlett, the Hydrographer of the Navy. On the morning of the 10th of March an elliptical depression extended from Arkansas northerly, and during the day the double cyclone moved easterly, the southern centre advancing in the course of twenty-four hours from a point near St. Louis to Georgia. The two centres were now well defined as separate cyclones, the northern one lying over Ontario, and the precipitation being light snow or rain. During the 11th the northern cyclone passed beyond the region of the reports, and was followed by a cold wave, with temperatures 10° to 30° lower than that of the cyclone itself, and which advanced over the Lake Region towards New England. Meantime, the northeasterly advance of the southern cyclone was attended with heavy rains, and rapidly increased in intensity. Rain and snow began to fall in New England, winds of increasing violence prevailed on the coast, and on the night of the 12th the storm centre was near Nantucket. Here it ceased its northeasterly course, and advanced slowly towards the west, over Rhode Island and Connecticut, and losing its intensity, until the morning of the 14th, when the cyclone was no longer well defined. This storm thus affords an example of a well-developed cyclone changing its course and ceasing to exist over southern New England.

—Prof. Upton's charts, reproduced in the *American Meteorological Journal*, fully illustrate all the observational data. Maximum wind-velocities were recorded at coast stations on the 12th-13th, reaching as high as seventy-two miles, and resulting in great damage, as the wind's direction lay towards the shore. The precipitation, everywhere excessive, was almost wholly snow to the west of the meridian of New London, and piled in immense drifts, making even its approximate measurement impossible. In central Connecticut and a large part of eastern New York, the average fall of snow appears to have exceeded forty inches, while in the western half of Massachusetts and nearly the whole of Connecticut, the average depth of unmelted snow was above thirty inches. In the southeast of Massachusetts the fall was almost wholly rain. Snowdrifts actually measured showed astonishing depths—from fifteen to forty feet in Dutchess County, New York, and thirty-eight feet near New Haven. Middletown, in the same State, reported the maximum precipitation of 5.78 inches. In the history of the progress of the temperatures during this storm Prof. Upton finds an explanation of several of its remarkable features. As a cold wave advances, anti-cyclonic conditions are usual; but the fall in temperature on this occasion was attended with strong southerly wind, due to cyclonic circulation. The arrival of the cold area from the west probably caused the deflection of the cyclone from its original track, a relatively rare occurrence. In this case the deflection exceeded 90°, and the cyclone was drawn directly towards the cold area. Thus the cyclone and the cold wave met in mortal combat, and fought a tragic duel, in which both combatants came to an untimely end.

—Besides an essay on Hegel, an article on the light-armed soldiery of the Romans, and the customary book reviews, the fifth number of Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift* contains two very interesting contributions to German history. The first is entitled "The Regensburg Diet and the War of Devolution." The author, Fr. Meinecke, by a careful examination of the

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despatches of the ambassadors and of other contemporary sources, shows how it came about that the Holy Roman Empire took no part in a war prosecuted by Louis XIV. with the avowed object of wresting one of its members from that empire. The Spanish Netherlands, under the rule of the King of Spain, was included within the Burgundian circle of the Empire. Under the plea that it was a personal estate of the Spanish Hapsburgs, and hence was governed by the local "droit de dévolution," whereby, on the dissolution of a marriage by death, the survivor enjoyed the usufruct only of the property, the ownership vesting in the children, Louis XIV. claimed the Spanish Netherlands as the heritage of his wife, on the death of her father in 1667. He expected to keep the Empire neutral while it was being thus despoiled, by insisting on a strict adherence to the letter of the Treaty of Westphalia, in which the Empire promised to aid neither belligerent in any future war between France and Spain. He relied on the friendship of the French party in the Empire, and on the skill of his ambassador, Gravel, in fanning the jealousies of their opponents, who were led by Lüneburg and Brandenburg. Austria was habitually sluggish, and the Emperor was further hampered by the Catholic party in Vienna, who already began to look up to Louis as their champion. The author of this article unfolds a pitiful picture of the intestine bickerings of the princes, the formality of the proceedings of the Diet, and the illegitimate influence wielded by France, which together kept Germany quiet during the war. Cardinal von Thun, the Imperial Commissioner, succeeded in passing through the Council of Princes a resolution to the effect that the Burgundian circle was an integral part of the Empire, and that both belligerents should be requested to lay down their arms, a resolution which distinctly foreshadowed war in case Louis should fail to comply; but the French ambassador, by skilfully applying the three instruments mentioned above, prevented this resolution from being acted upon in the College of Electors and the Council of Cities. Louis XIV. was foiled, as is well known, by the Triple Alliance; but the imbecility of Germany and the selfishness of her rulers are inconceivable to one who has not read this learned and well-written article.

—The content of "Two Political Testaments and the Commencement of an Historical Work, by Frederick the Great," is sufficiently indicated by the title. The testaments were written in 1782 and 1784 respectively, the historical essay in 1784—all in French, of course—and are now published for the first time. The first and last are political; the second treats of finance. In 1782 Frederick feared that the good understanding between Joseph II. and Catherine II. boded the destruction of Prussia and the conversion of Germany into an absolute monarchy after his death. The result of his search for allies was the conclusion that the German princes were dominated by Austrian influence, France was embarrassed by her enormous debt, and England was worn out by the American war; the only hope lay in a triple alliance between Prussia, England, and Turkey. These gloomy views are set down in the first document. By 1784 the clouds had blown over, owing chiefly to Joseph's propensity to take the second step before the first. By far the most interesting paper is the "Reflections on the Financial Administration of Prussia." The revenues of Prussia amounted to 21,730,000 écus ($24,446,250), one-third of which was surplus and was laid away as a war fund, according to the financial policy pursued by the Hohenzollerns from Frederick William I.'s day down to the present time. Frederick remarks that by this means the necessity of imposing extra taxes during war times, when the people are least able to bear them, is obviated. He is opposed to a national debt. He has a very high conception of the duties of a prince. He insists on the separation of the revenues of the state and of the prince, and that the former be consecrated to the benefit of the citizens—to enriching the soil, the encouragement of manufactures, and to rendering every one, from noble to peasant, more at his ease. In financial matters, a prince must bridle his fancies, for the revenues of the state are not his property, and his slightest error may bring untold misfortunes upon his subjects. A prince who does otherwise is a highway robber and a fool. In finance, Frederick was a mercantilist, and altogether uninfluenced by the doctrines of Quesnay, Gournay, and Adam Smith.

—The June number of *Petermann's Mitteilungen* is devoted to a single article, entitled a "Century of African Exploration," by the editor, Dr. A. Supan. It is intended as a centennial memorial of the founding of the first geographical society. This was the "Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior Parts of Africa," known commonly as the African Association, and formed June 9, 1788, out of the members of the Saturday Club of London, mainly by the efforts of Sir Joseph Banks. An American, John Ledyard, was immediately sent out by it to cross the continent from east to west, with the view of tracing the course of the Niger, but he unfortunately died soon after reaching Cairo. Mungo Park was the most distinguished of the explorers employed by this Association, which continued its activity, publishing several volumes and memoirs, until July 23, 1831, when it was merged in the Royal Geographical Society, which had been founded the previous year. The article begins with a rapid review of what had been done in Africa up to 1788, and a sketch of the extent of our knowledge of the continent at that time, which Swift cleverly summed up in the well-known lines:

> "So geographers in Afric maps
> With savage pictures fill their gaps,
> And o'er unhabitable downs
> Place elephants for want of towns."

Next, the progress of discovery in the different parts of Africa is traced, beginning with the Niger, the exploration of which was the principal object of the African Association's efforts. Dr. Supan closes his paper, which bristles with facts, with a notice of the tasks still left uncompleted. These are the exploration of three great regions, all of which lie north of the Equator—Mandingo Land on the north of the Guinea coast, the country to the east of the Cameroons, and the Galla-Somali Land. A series of thirteen excellent maps is given, the first ten so colored as to show the progress of discovery by decades from 1790 to 1880. The eleventh, a large map, represents Africa in 1888. In another an attempt is made to show the various districts of exploration, with the point of departure of each. The final map reproduces the important parts of Maj. Rennell's map of the supposed course of the Niger, first published in 1798 (not in 1790, as Dr. Supan asserts), and republished in 1802 and again in vol. i. of the African Association's Proceedings in 1810. A supplementary number of the *Mitteilungen* is also devoted to Africa, being the first part of a geological description of the continent by Dr. Max Blanckenhorn. The whole work is to consist of four parts, this being upon the Atlas Mountains, with a map.

JAMES'S PARTIAL PORTRAITS.

Partial Portraits. By Henry James. Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Mr. James's criticism is of a very composite order. It is partly made up of very agreeable talk, familiar in tone, intellectual, and full of digressions; and in the remainder there is much reviewing, with a great deal of the novelist's preoccupation with his own art. On every page one is sensible of close contact with a cultivated mind, and feels the influence of the modern spirit; and yet in the pleasure of all this, notwithstanding the alertness and openness of the author's intelligence and the frequent grace of his literary manners, there is an element of discontent which steals upon one and grows with the reading. There is a sense of being baffled by the critic, so great that one doubts at the end whether he is a whit wiser than before. That trait which belongs to some phases of modern culture, indecision of judgment, is strongly marked in these essays; it is responsible for the disappointment of which we have spoken. It is not judgment that is pronounced, but the impressions of Mr. James are described, and one is thrown back for their justification upon Mr. James's taste. This personal element, which is justly ruled out of court in general criticism, is the basis of the volume. It gives liveliness and warmth to the style, but it does not bring conviction to the reader, who, while he knows the author to be highly cultivated, does not know whether he forms just judgments; for the two qualities do not go together in all cases. At the end of the charming essay upon Daudet, for example, after the jewel has been flashed in a dozen lights, each rivalling the other in radiance, what do we find as the sum of the matter? Daudet's is a famous name, and stands upon volumes enough to allow of some decision with regard to his literary quality, his talent for entertainment, for reality, and for style. What do we find as Mr. James's last word?

> "Determinations of rank are a delicate matter, and it is sufficient priority for an author that one likes him immensely. Daudet is bright, vivid, tender; he has an intense artistic life. And then he is so free. For the spirit that moves slowly, going carefully from point to point, not sure whether this or that or the other will 'do,' the sight of such freedom is delightful."

This is well rounded off; but Daudet with his qualities is parenthetical. What stands out is, that "one likes him immensely," and the sight of him is "delightful." So, earlier in the essay, Mr. James regrets that he cannot write French and "say that Alphonse Daudet is adorable, and have done with it," but must resort to circumlocutions to express his "personal fondness" for him. These are interesting confidences of Mr. James respecting his tastes, since he is both an eminent novelist and a man of high cultivation, as we have said; but it is not surprising that disappointment arises when one is looking for criticism and finds that Mr. James "likes him immensely."

In the essay upon Guy de Maupassant, the critic has occasion to refer to that author's opinion that "the particular way we see the world is our particular illusion about it"—one illusion being just as good as another, of course. Mr. James does not assent to this view; but he seems to hold that, whether or not this is true of real life, it is true of criticism. Criticism, apparently, is our particular illusion about the author, and one point of view is as good as another. This, at least, is the impression produced by the volume, in which the judgments are cleverly made innocuous, and fame and shame blend in the unity they have to

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Emerson's Buddha. This is not explicitly stated, certainly — the critic has unrivalled facility in being always clear, but never explicit. His indirectness of expression is a miracle of apparent straightforwardness; but as soon as one seeks to find out just what is meant, he finds that Mr. James's birds are all in the bush. He describes their colors, he almost seems to stroke their wings with his velvet compliment, but when one stops to look, the bird is out of hand. This evasiveness of the court is naturally annoying, but its crafty felicity almost atones to the reader who is a lover of literary fence. Criticism is our particular illusion about the author—that is the motto of the author; necessarily such a view of his business impairs the critic's value.

That we do not overstate this matter, which is at the root of Mr. James's ineffectiveness, this passage at the end of the essay upon Guy de Maupassant will show:

"Let us then leave this magnificent art of the novelist to itself and its perfect freedom, in the faith that one example is as good as another, and that our fiction will always be decent enough if it be sufficiently general. Let us not be alarmed at this prodigy (though prodigies are alarming) of M. de Maupassant, who is at once so licentious and so impeccable, but gird ourselves up with the conviction that another point of view will yield another perfection."

If "one example is as good as another," if everything has a perfection when looked at from some point of view, is not the trade of critic a vain thing? The complete justification for our opinion that criticism is illusory, however, in Mr. James's view, is in his practice of it in general; this is no more than his account of the play of his personal tastes.

Tolerance, we are told, is a result of culture, and this is indubitable; and out of this tolerance arises, it would seem, the faith which Mr. James invokes, that in all cases "another point of view will yield another perfection." This leads directly, if it be allowed, to moral indifferentism in literature. This is where it does lead Mr. James in the essay, much the most important in the volume, upon Guy de Maupassant. The "freedom" which he proclaims for "this magnificent art," is liberty for the imagination in the case of the most conspicuous of the elegant writers of modern licentious tales. Mr. James does not disguise the character of his critical protégé. He owns up. He does not blink. He only puts in this word of defence, warning the crude Anglo-Saxon that "another point of view will yield another perfection"—as elsewhere, so in these Milesian anecdotes. We do not press the subject, except to say that the length to which a high-trained literary enjoyment of style has tempted Mr. James to go in advocacy of the Parisian story-teller, has brought home to us distinctly the double nature of his criticism. He has really, to adopt his own phraseology, two points of view. He is always cosmopolitan, but in reading this volume, with strongly marked division of English and French subjects, one foresees that he looks up and down—down to England and up to France. In treating of Daudet and Guy de Maupassant, there is not merely "personal fondness" to be observed in his manner; there is a warmth, a hospitality, a willingness to be pleased, a disposition to give censure to the winds, which contrasts with his temper towards the English. Only in the case of his tribute of compliment to Stevenson is there anything like the same delightfulness of appreciation, breathing "the sweet south" in every word.

This mood of cordiality reaches its highest temperature in the recollections he gives us of Turgeneff, a truly exquisite essay, frankly personal, full of detail and color, the art of the novelist blending with the devotion of friendship, and all as fresh and natural as fireside talk. In this he takes us to the private meeting-place of the young French authors, "the grandsons of Balzac," and there we see near at hand the attraction that France has for him. There is the room where "it would have been late in the day to propose among them any discussion of the relation of art to morality, any question as to the degree in which a novel might or might not concern itself with the teaching of a lesson. They had settled these preliminaries long ago." There it was that "the subscriber, as a type of human imbecility, received a wonderful dressing, and the Philistine in general was roughly handled," on the occasion of 'L'Assommoir' being discontinued in the journal through which it had been running. Towards the Paris of "ces messieurs" Mr. James has a great friendliness, and the reader easily understands why that is, and does not question its propriety.

On the other hand, turning westward, what does Mr. James see? For the most part he sees the imperfections. He exhibits here the obverse of his Parisian mind. Instead of expansiveness there is reserve; instead of regretting the absence of "adorable" from the English vocabulary, he seems to indulge in a humor but half betrayed; instead of "a new perfection," the point of view yields to him an old perfection in a state of collapse. To pass by the essay upon George Eliot, with its expression of wonder that "this quiet, anxious, sedentary, serious, invalidical English lady, without animal spirits, without adventures or sensations, should have made us believe that nothing in the world was alien to her," and the other essay upon Trollope, with its praise of him for his perception of "the value of the usual," we come to the essay upon Emerson, one of the most brilliant in handling that the volume contains. It is full of interesting remarks, admirable innuendo, and has a kind of masterliness which we do not find elsewhere except in the paper upon Turgeneff. At the same time it is constantly provoking a smile. We know what Mr. James has said frankly and pitilessly about the civilization of Concord and Salem, the intellectual poverty, the fanatic mediocrity, the parochialism of it all; and it is nothing new that he finds first and foremost that Emerson was "pale," and proceeds to regret that the Concord group was not sketched, amusing as he is sure it would be, and at last declares that Miss Mary Emerson—"Aunt Mary"—"grim, intellectual virgin and daughter of a hundred ministers, with her local traditions, and her combined love of empire and speculation, would have been an inspiration for a novelist." What kind of a novel Mr. James would make of these worthies of the forties, with Salem for an episode, fortunately is only matter for guessing; but what is noticeable in all this is his temper towards the community, which is one of pitying amusement, dashed with high respect for high personages. It is not meant that this essay upon Emerson, and the other English essays, are not entirely kind and appreciative, overflowing with felicitous phrases of regard and praise; they are as fluent in compliment and as sincere, no doubt, as are the French essays; but their mood is the precise opposite of that in the latter—the critic condescends; he looks down, and not up. Specifically, he accepts France, tolerating it even to the point of moral indifferentism; he is merciless to New England parochialism in Emerson's day. Whether he is right in either or in both of these attitudes, need not now be considered.

Enough has been adduced to illustrate what was said at the start, that Mr. James's criticism has a purely personal basis, and is to be explained by the special culture he possesses and the cosmopolitan experience in which it has been developed. The grace of the essays and all their charm, in which qualities they excel, are due to this personal element finding expression through a highly trained literary style. It is true that they seem to us inconclusive judgments in general, and that in detail, when the reviewing of innumerable characters and plots and situations comes in, there is much confusion for one not so familiar with the heterogeneous population of fiction as is the author. It is not seldom that the text reads like the catalogue of a picture gallery with explanatory notes; and this mode of reviewing, where many volumes are dealt with, is dull, though to the novelist such close and minute observation of the persons put on the scene by his fellow-craftsmen has a professional interest. In Mr. James's work it is relieved by many suggestive remarks, and occasionally by surprising statements, such as that five-sixths of 'Kidnapped' "deserves to stand by 'Henry Esmond' as a fiction autobiography in archaic form," and that it is "a gallant companion to Thackeray's *tour de force*." Such instances of criticism are fortunately rare, and of course this one is to be attributed to that element of personal feeling which is the characteristic of the volume. It is impossible to regard what Mr. James writes of Stevenson as quite serious. That paper is no more than a memento of friendship. It is, nevertheless, an excellent example of Mr. James's method in building compliments into the semblance of the old temple of fame. There is, altogether, a great deal of information in the volume with respect to novels and novel-making, and the literary flavor of the style has already been spoken of; it is, first and last, a striking example of the work of modern culture in one of its forms; and if it should seem to some that moral concessions are made to the Gallic spirit which will not commend Paris above Concord, even little Concord—that, doubtless, is something for which the author is entirely prepared.

PRESTWICH'S GEOLOGY.

Geology, Chemical, Physical, and Stratigraphical. By Joseph Prestwich, M.A., F. R.S., F.G.S., Correspondent of the Institute of France, Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.

It has come to be the fashion of geologists to crown their active life with a work of a synoptical sort on the matter of their science. For some years his fellow-workers in the geological field have been awaiting with much interest a work of this nature from the pen of Professor Prestwich. A recognized master in several departments of the science, a teacher of the subject in the chair formerly occupied by John Phillips, one of the distinguished founders of this branch of learning, they felt sure that they should have much to learn from his greatest work. The first volume of this contribution was published in the early part of last year; the second and more important part has lately come from the press.

The present condition of geological science gives a value to these synoptic works which cannot belong to any other branch of learning. This science consists, indeed, in a large measure of undetermined matters, as to which individual opinion based on broad experience has a value. Its younger votaries, therefore, are

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always glad to know what the older and more experienced men believe concerning unsolved problems. In undertaking a synoptical work on geology, the essayist has either of two methods open to him, one of which he must follow if he would keep his treatise within readable bounds. He may limit himself to the presentation of all the important observations which seem to him well verified, neglecting in this task the matters of theoretical interpretation of phenomena; or he may undertake to present the theoretical side of geology, bringing forward as illustration such body of fact as may seem necessary to afford a basis of the discussion. The former of these methods is that adopted first by Dana and afterwards by Geikie, and many others who have followed in the footsteps of our American Nestor in geology. The second is that pursued by Lyell in his 'Principles of Geology,' and in a measure by De la Beche in his admirable works.

In the main, Prestwich follows the method of presentation adopted by Dana, the first volume being devoted to setting forth the more essential facts of physical and chemical geology. In twenty-four well-constructed chapters, the author gives an excellent presentation of this division of the subject. The criticisms to be brought against the treatment of these matters are in the main those which can be directed against all works of the same nature. The second and third chapters are, as it seems to us, unhappily devoted to setting forth, in great (though for the purpose insufficient) detail, the usual synoptic statements concerning the minerals which are most common in rocks. With much ingenuity and by an abundant use of tables, the author has packed a good deal of information into a small space; but anything like a satisfactory mineralogy cannot be compressed into thirty pages. It would have been far better to remit this subject to an appendix, or to leave it to a better place in treatises of pure mineralogy. Scarce any of this information is necessary for the larger discussions which are hereafter to occupy the reader, and the sight of a great array of tables bristling with formidable chemical symbols is not likely to prove a pleasant introduction to the student of geology.

The chapter on the decomposition of rocks is, on the whole, an excellent summary of what is known on this subject. Unfortunately, however, it does not lead the writer to the consideration of soils. Now, the soil coating of the earth, though much neglected by geologists, is in several ways the key to its most important functions. In it mainly is accomplished the work of solution which feeds the seas; from it springs all the nutrition which supports the land life; from it also comes that carbonation of the waters which is the source of so many influences that meteoric water exercises upon the rocks of the land. In this treatise all matters concerning soil are dismissed with mere chance mention. The word does not even find a place in the index.

In general, the effect of water as a geological agent appears to be insufficiently treated. The essay on rivers is, on the whole, good, containing much matter which has not previously found a place in works of this nature. The underground movements of water, however, are imperfectly set forth. Caverns are considered not with reference to water action, but with respect to the fossils they contain, and the whole matter of subterranean erosion is briefly dismissed with a few incidental remarks. This omission is the more striking for the reason that, in the tenth chapter, there is a very good essay on underground water in relation to springs, which takes account of phenomena that might well have introduced us to the study of subterranean erosion.

The chapter on glaciation does not satisfactorily present the reader with the more important opinions concerning that important field of science. The question of continental glaciers does not there or elsewhere in the book receive the treatment which glaciologists think it deserves. The subject is recurred to in the second volume in its proper place, under the division of Quaternary geology. The detail of fact is doubtless sufficient, but the important theoretical considerations which have been adduced in explanation of the facts do not appear to receive their due weight.

So, too, in the twelfth chapter, which treats of volcanoes, we find the phenomenal side of the question well treated, but the student is left without a due sense of the theories which have been advanced to explain them. At the beginning of his exposition, the author states that "volcanoes are mountains or hills with a spreading base, but always more or less conical at top, ejecting from time to time vapors, ashes, and lavas, from a central opening called a crater." This is by no means a satisfactory definition with which to begin the discussion of a great class of facts. Further on we have the statement that "volcanic eruptions are attended by the escape of an enormous mass of elastic fluids, consisting principally of the vapor of water," the fact being that in substantially all cases the eruption is caused by the escape of such gases. The author fails to set forth the regional distribution of volcanoes, which is of the utmost importance in determining the cause of their production. The fact that they are common on the sea-floor, and only occur in an active state on the lands at a slight distance from regions where sedimentation has been going on for geological ages, clearly indicates that the rise of heat in the strata is the prime agent in the production of volcanic explosions. Prof. Prestwich's own opinion is as follows:

"As for the primary cause of volcanic eruptions, I think we may look to another and independent force, viz., that arising from the slight shrinking and contraction of the earth's crust caused by the small but still measurable secular refrigeration, and its consequent pressure upon a viscous or plastic magma or layer beneath. That this molten matter is in some places nearer the surface than at others is possible, and that its depth is not great is probable. From time to time a state of tension of the crust finds relief in the extrusion of some of this molten matter, and then follows a state of equilibrium of longer or shorter duration. Cordier calculated that a radial contraction so minute and imperceptible as one millimetre (0.0397 inch) would suffice to supply matter for 500 of the greatest known volcanic eruptions."

It will be observed that this view requires us to suppose the existence of a plastic or molten magma beneath the earth's crust, of which there is as yet no sufficient evidence.

The chapter on disturbed and faulted strata gives a more complete statement of the facts than has been set forth in any other text-book known to the present writer. Here again, however, the theory of mountain growth is insufficiently treated. The disproved hypothesis of De Beaumont receives an undue prominence. Although geological science owes certain clear conceptions concerning mountains to the distinguished author of the 'Systems of Mountains,' his work is of great interest only from the point of view of the historian.

The chapters on mineral veins are on the whole good, better than those in any other text-book; so, too, are those concerning igneous rocks a very satisfactory presentation of the phenomena.

The second volume is mainly devoted to a description of the successive geological deposits from the Laurentian Period to the present day. On the whole, this part of the work is as satisfactory as is possible in a treatise of this description. It is most open to criticism from the fact that it does not bring some of the latest and most important discoveries of fossils to the knowledge of the reader. Thus, the fossil scorpions of Scandinavia and Scotland and elsewhere which have been found in the Upper Silurian rocks are not mentioned by the author save in an obscure tabulated list of species, though these finds are to the geologist (and the biologist as well) by far the most important discoveries which have been made in the present decade. The author assumes that the Eozoon is an organic structure, though he notes the fact that some geologists "contend that the structure is of mineral and not of animal origin, and is due to a sort of incipient crystallization of metamorphic rock." He nowhere refers to the critical studies of Möbius, which go far to prove that the structure is not of an organic nature.

In considering the atmosphere of the coal-period, our author holds to the ancient doctrine that the atmosphere of that time contained all the carbon which was, during the subsequent stages of that period, buried in the coal measures. He fails to see the magnitude of the question concerning the deposition of carbon in the earth's crust. A little calculation would show him, as it has done others, that we cannot dispose of the question in this simple way. If we are to assume that the atmosphere at the beginning of the coal measures contained this large amount of carbon, we must begin by proving that the insects of that time could live in such an atmosphere as we are required to suppose. Moreover, it is a well-known fact that about the northern Pacific there are extensive deposits of Mesozoic coal, the carbon of which has been drawn from the atmosphere as was that of the coal measures, and that during the Mesozoic period we had life which was, as far as the needs of oxygen and intolerance of carbonic acid are concerned, the same as the life of to-day. These considerations have brought other geologists to the conviction that carbon is in some way fed into the air in the form of carbon dioxide, and is thence removed in a gradual manner by the organic remains which are built into strata. Dr. T. Sterry Hunt's discussion of this problem in his 'Mineral Physiology and Physiography,' published in 1886, had apparently not met the eye of the author.

In the discussion concerning the glacial period, Professor Prestwich has failed to avail himself of much of the work which has been done by recent writers on that subject. The extensive contributions of Chamberlain and others in this country are apparently unknown to him. He quotes without criticism Thomas Belt's notion of extensive glacial deposits existing in Nicaraugua, not recognizing the fact that Belt, though a man of genius, was an untrustworthy geologist.

Despite these criticisms, which pertain only to the detail of this extensive work, Professor Prestwich's treatise must be accounted one of the most important contributions which have been made to the encyclopædic side of geology. It has not the admirable condensation of Dana's and Geikie's works. We miss in it the wide range of knowledge and the literary quality of Sir Charles Lyell's classic 'Principles'; nevertheless, as the record of the opinions of one to whom the science owes much in the way of contribution, it is of very great value. It is probable that no other work of this description has ever appeared which in its first edition was

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so clear of serious defects either in matter of fact or in the form of presentation. The few grammatical and rhetorical errors are not conspicuous; the proof-reading has on the whole been excellent; the defects of fact are so inconsiderable that they may be readily remedied in a second edition.

The book abounds in admirable illustrations. No synoptic work of this description has ever been so well cared for in this respect. The presswork is very well done, as is all which comes from the Clarendon Press. The indexes, though hardly as complete as could be desired, are on the whole satisfactory.

SKETCHES OF INDIAN LIFE.

Gujarát and the Gujarátis: Pictures of Men and Women taken from Life. By Behramji M. Malabari. Bombay: Education Society's Press.

Travels and Voyages in Bengal. By Sambhu C. Mookerjee. Calcutta. 1887.

HAS the world ever witnessed a more daring political experiment than the diffusion, broadcast, of English education among the various races and creeds of British India? We think not; and the development of this experiment is as full of interest to the philosophical observer of human nature as to the politician. Western ideals of life and conduct do not simply differ from those of Hindu or Moslem; they are their exact antipodes. It is not possible for either Brahminism or Islam to assimilate, so to speak, the new knowledge, retaining still its life and identity. The two are as incapable of combination as oil and water; and this, which might be inferred from the considerations of the respective ideals solely, is confirmed by the results of English education so far. The more intelligent and active-minded among the native population have applied themselves with a species of passion to the acquisition of the language, the literature, the thoughts of their far-off conquerors. The Moslems held out against this attraction longer than did the Hindus, but their rigid conservatism has at last been sapped, and the desire for an English education is rapidly extending among them. But all over the continent the spread of religious scepticism advances *pari passu* with the spread of English education.

The mental condition of the English-speaking natives is singular, and, we are inclined to think, without precedent. They constitute a class without ideals. Faith in the old sanctions has been obliterated, without faith in any others being substituted for them. A few of them endeavor in a weak way to manufacture new beliefs by affecting to make believe in such phrases as "the idea of nationality," "the unification of India," and the like; but, as Carlyle would have said, they use these phrases from the teeth outwards. They have found them ready-made in Western books; they are not the expression of any deep or genuine conviction of their own. In truth, the national ideal is itself the child of the religious ideal. It is common to the countries of Christendom, because they have been nurtured and brought up upon the old Jewish faith that a nation is a living organic unity created for some special purpose by the Deity himself. But the ideal disappears as soon as we pass beyond the boundaries of Christianity; and by no conceivable process of reasoning can such an ideal be engrafted upon the theocracy of either Hindus or Mohammedans. In the case of the Hindu it is his "caste" which determines his relations to the rest of humanity; with the follower of the Prophet it is his creed; and the idea of national unity, as something deeper than either "caste" or creed, could not enter into, could not be understood by, Hindu or Moslem, so long as he retained his faith intact.

The English-speaking natives are, therefore, almost as much an exotic in the land of their birth as the British themselves—that is to say, they represent a class which could not survive the downfall of the Power which has called them into existence. It is well known that the Anglo-Indian officials regard with unconcealed dislike these Frankensteins of their own creating, nor is this greatly to be wondered at. The services are incalculable which an educated native might render to his country and the Government if he zealously set to work to become acquainted with the one and to act as the interpreter to the other of its genuine wants and wishes. But as far as matters have yet gone, the educated natives have done next to no work of this kind. Their great ambition is to set up a newspaper, from the columns of which to keep up a ceaseless fire of criticism against the Government and its officials. The attitude which they like to adopt towards the western world, its beliefs, its manners, and modes of action, is one of affable patronage and easy condescension. If judged by a low material standard, they will allow that western civilization is more successful than Brahminical, but if by the graces of the mind and heart, then there can be no question that India bears off the palm. In short, the English-speaking native is a cause of exasperation to his British manufacturer, because he is so intolerably well contented with himself.

He has as yet done absolutely nothing to justify this self-esteem. On the strength, merely, of his knowledge of English, he assumes that he is on a par, in all respects, with the race which built up the Indian Empire by sheer courage, endurance, and governing capacity—nay, he not unfrequently looks down upon it from a superior altitude. He talks as if he were capable of sustaining, on his sole, unassisted shoulders, the entire burden of government. There is, however, a great deal more of assumption than genuine conviction in this parade of superiority; and it must honestly be confessed that the easy, idiomatic command which the natives of India acquire over the intricacies of the English language is a really considerable achievement. The two books under review are remarkable instances of this, and remarkable, also, in reference to the foregoing observations, as showing the complete detachment of both writers from the beliefs still held in reverence among their less educated countrymen. Thus the author of 'Gujarát and the Gujarátis'—himself a Parsi—does not scruple to draw the following sarcastic picture of "the orthodox Parsi at prayer":

"The minute he is out of bed the orthodox Parsi shakes himself free from all idle reveries, the remnants of the night's dreaming; and unfolding the triple cord round his waist, turns his face to where the sun has just risen, and, giving the sacred badge three vigorous flaps, he cries out in choice Persian, 'Defeat, defeat to Satan!' so that the author of evil may not venture, later on, to molest the pious man on his path of duty. Shortly after he takes his bath, and then commences his regular prayer business. He has his prayer-book in Zend text and Gujaráti character, out of which he recites an appropriate prayer or two, either before the kitchen fire, before the blazing censer in the drawing-room, before the sacred fire in the neighboring temple, and even in one of the central fire temples—this according to his circumstances or the degree of devotion he possesses. At other times he prays before the sun, the moon, the stars, the well, the river, the sea, the plant, the tree, the mountain. . . . Very often there is a long piece of quiet reading and meditation, which the pious Zoroastrian drawls out line by line with well-executed ejaculation and the approved nasal twang, but without the vaguest notion of what he is doing. This is a sorry exhibition, and to the younger generation it is becoming a farce."

The author of 'Travels in Bengal' is a high-caste Brahmin, and the following is his sportive account of the manner in which he evaded a religious difficulty:

"In going to Dacca I wished to avoid, if possible, the crowd and bustle of the daily despatch from Goalundo. I set my heart upon the good *Princess Alice*, Capt. Atkinson, in which large steamer I had many a time voyaged. I learned that she left Goalundo on Friday mornings. I must, therefore, start by the Thursday evening train to catch her. But Thursday was out of the question for the good Hindu. The old Rishis had set their faces against it, and the dutiful son of Bharadwaj could not think of it, on pain of the combined hostility of all the heavenly powers. Not even to win a kingdom—so the law runs—should anybody venture out on a Thursday evening. But as modern lawyers can laugh at the most elaborate precautions of the legislators of the day, so there are ways, thoroughly orthodox, of cheating the Rishis and gods. The preceding day was a most auspicious one, and I took advantage of it to make my ceremonial exit, making the stars believe I left on Wednesday. The affair was simple enough, though not without its inconveniences. Within the specified hour of that Wednesday—for the whole day was not blessed—I abandoned one apartment of my residence (not before passing through the prescribed forms), not to enter it again till my return from the contemplated journey, and was supposed to be on my travels. The start *de facto*—the material start—took place the next day."

This is amusing enough. The mischief is, that the educated natives, speaking generally, are as sedulous to perform these inane ceremonies as if they had not detected their inanity—are as vigilant to preserve their caste as if their religious orthodoxy had never felt the chilling breath of European thought. And thus their superior education literally becomes their greatest misfortune. It converts them into a species of hybrid, belonging neither to the West nor the East, or (as a well-known Hindustani proverb has it) they resemble the washerman's dog, which belongs neither to the house nor the washing-place. They would, if the British were to be expelled from India, doubtless be extinguished in a few years.

The speculation which baffles conjecture is the part they are destined to play in the history of the country, supposing the British Government to continue. Every year the ranks of these sham Hindus, sham Parsis, sham Mohammedans, are increased by several thousand new recruits. The manufacture of these people is beyond all question the most productive industry carried on in the empire, but it cannot in our judgment be regarded as either healthy or promising.

Meanwhile, in the two books under review, we have the English-speaking native exhibited to us at his best. They are both written in admirable English, and with a vein of humor running through them which makes them no less entertaining than as pictures of native life and society they are instructive. 'Gujarát and the Gujarátis' gives, indeed, the best delineation of a British Indian province of the present time with which we are acquainted. The 'Travels in Bengal' are the record of sundry journeys along the vast river-ways of eastern Bengal. The author has an eye to observe the changing face of Nature, and a ready pen to transfer the impression to paper; but, as with 'Gujarát and the Gujarátis,' that which gives his book its special value is the racy descriptions of native life and character.

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Four Oxford Lectures. 1887. Fifty Years of European History. Teutonic Conquest in Gaul and Britain. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A. Macmillan. 1888. 8vo, pp. 112.

SINCE Mr. Freeman took his chair at Oxford, we have been accustomed to welcome every year a volume of lectures from his pen, placing before us a special phase of historical research which has occupied his mind during the year. In this way, without prejudice to the *magnum opus* which we may expect some day, we have from time to time definite portions of the preliminary work completed and the results placed on record; so much has been accomplished. The last published volume, for 1887, is considerably thinner than the average, consisting of only four lectures, forming two short courses.

The first of these courses is entitled "Fifty Years of European History"—of course *the* fifty years which were in the mind of every Englishman in the year 1887. It is not easy to point out any important particular in which just these fifty years of Queen Victoria's reign should be set apart as marking an epoch in human history. As a period of strong and significant influence in the development of free institutions, assuredly; but here we have only the more rapid working out of forces already vigorously operative. Indeed, a less ingenious man than Mr. Freeman, or one less familiar with the details of historical events, would have found it hard to distinguish these fifty years, except by an enumeration and analysis of their leading events. He has, however, succeeded in finding a reason for regarding the year 1837 as really a decisive turning-point in English history; by the accession of a woman to the throne of England, the kingdom of Hanover, which was governed by the Salic law, was separated from Great Britain.

"It is literally true that Elizabeth and Victoria are the only sovereigns, since Harold, son of Godwine, who never held any dominion other than that which came to them by virtue of the crown received at Westminster. And as Elizabeth, strangely enough, bore the title of Queen of France, we may say that Victoria is the first sovereign of England who has not even claimed any such dominion. We may further add that it was under Mary that the last relics of Edward the Third's French kingdom passed away, that it was under Anne that the other kingdom within the isle of Britain lost all traces of foreign character. Victoria alone has mounted the throne of the British islands free from all possessions, from all claims and titles, besides those of her British kingdom and its dependencies. We see then that, after all, the year 1837 is a memorable year, as marking an epoch in the formal relations of the British crown" (p. 6).

This loss of Continental possessions is not an insignificant trifle; in the case of King John it was an event of decisive importance.

These two lectures, as is natural, are occupied, not with a chronicle of the events of these fifty years, but with a discussion of their relations to the general course of history. In this point of view they will be found very interesting and suggestive.

The other course of two lectures is wholly disconnected from the first. Mr. Freeman has been goaded by the criticisms of those who misunderstood and therefore misrepresented his theory of English ethnology into anticipating his line of discussion, and taking up the consideration of this point earlier than he had intended.

"I had not designed," he says (p. 69), "to speak of Britain till I had done with Gaul. . . . When we see how Teutonic invasion worked in these lands, in which it really was no more than some tell us that it was in Britain, then, and not till then, shall we see how different a thing it really was in Britain. Such was the path which I had chalked out, a path which I had hoped to plod along steadily and in peace. But it hardly does to wait in this way, it may be for years and it may be for ever, under the present circumstances of the case."

There is no doubt that the plan sketched for himself by Mr. Freeman is the only way of presenting his view graphically and convincingly. As long as it is a question merely as to the "displacement" or "extermination" of the British nationality, it is easy enough to criticise his theory in detail, and to argue very plausibly—whether from the point of view of language or complexion or skulls or isolated historical events—whether from the point of view of Roman survival or Celtic persistence or Iberian remnant—that the English people are not prevailingly Teutonic, but are a mixture of races, with perhaps no controlling element. But he who carefully compares the process and the results of the Teutonic conquest of Gaul with the Teutonic conquest of Britain, cannot help seeing a fundamental contrast between the two. We expected, from the title of the lectures, to find such a comparison here. This seems, however, to be reserved for a future time, when the preliminary work shall have been completed. Meanwhile, we have a more careful and elaborate statement of what Mr. Freeman and the writers of his school really mean by speaking of the displacement of the Celtic race in Britain by the Teutonic. The lectures deserve, therefore, to be read carefully by those who would understand the question in controversy. We do not see that exception can fairly be taken to his theory as here stated. At the same time it must be confessed that some of the statements in his earlier writings were less cautiously worded than his present utterances, and that part of the misunderstanding was not unreasonable.

A few extracts will give his idea;

"When we speak of Greeks, English, or any other nation, we do not mean, we have never meant, to assert anything about physical purity of blood, because absolute physical purity of blood is unlikely in itself, and in any case it cannot be proved. By Greeks or English or any other such name, we mean that company of men, however formed, to which the name of Greek or English historically belongs. We cannot prove any original community of blood; but the practical likelihood always is that such a company did at first start from real community of blood. The nation began as a real family or collection of families. . . . The science even of skulls is still in its infancy; it is perhaps better not to be over-positive about it; but let it be as the most zealous votary of skulls may wish. Let it be that many so-called Englishmen, many who are Englishmen for all historical and all practical purposes, have British or even Iberian skulls. What follows? The whole thing is merely a question of degree. The discovery at the outside comes to this, that while we have all along said that there was some foreign mixture in the Greek, the English, or any other nation, that foreign mixture is now shown to be somewhat greater than we had thought. . . . But what follows? Surely that the original mass that absorbed and assimilated those foreign elements must have had even greater strength than we had thought it had. If after adopting so many Britons, so many Iberians, we remain Englishmen none the less, surely a new witness is brought to the strength of the English life within us, a life which can thus do the work of the alchymist and change every foreign element into its own English being."

Animal Magnetism. By Afred Binet and Charles Féré. [International Scientific Series.] D. Appleton & Co. 1888. 12mo, pp. 378.

PSYCHOLOGY has latterly taken to the study of "unexplored remainders," and none have been more fruitful of interest, and even of very puzzling problems, than the phenomenon of hypnotism. Putting chickens to sleep, and performing apparent feats of magic by turning a fellow-being into an automaton, may not seem, at first sight, to be very good science; but experiment has shown that it may contain a secret which would make us exclaim, with the terrific oracle of Œdipus,

"May'st thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art."

The title of the present work is misleading. The only justification of it is a brief history of those speculations which were rife in the past century under that name, and which were started by the discoveries of Galvani and Volta. It is not apparent that the authors have any theory of "animal magnetism" to defend. Although electricity still figures occasionally as the philosopher's stone in the problem of vital forces, scientists generally fight shy of it, and look at it with much caution or scepticism. But there is one incident in the present work which indicates some predisposition on the part of the authors to favor the existence of "animal magnetism." It is the very singular use they affirm to have made of the magnet in producing and modifying hypnotic states. They profess to have modified hallucinations merely by application of the magnet, and they proceed with their inquiries as if the trustworthiness of this experiment were not to be questioned. But the general reader must be warned against credulity here. Charcot and Delbœuf investigated this matter very carefully, and found that a piece of wood was quite as good as a magnet for the purpose. The effect seemed to require nothing more than either suggestion or a change of stimulus. Their experiments with the magnet, and the gravity with which the present authors assume and discuss the effects, are in danger of giving an air of charlatanry to the work, and might weaken the value of studies that experts could recognize as eminently trustworthy.

The work, however, is almost entirely an examination of hypnotism, and this outside of the general question of "animal magnetism." It is remarkably free from theorizing. Not even are the several theories to explain the hypnotic state given a notice. These and the relations of hypnotic phenomena to personality and responsibility are the chief objects of interest excited by the subject. Of personality it is enough to remark that nearly all of the experiments, and especially those of post-hypnotic suggestion, far from lending any support to the doctrine of "multiplex personality," prove the very opposite by showing a connecting link between the hypnotic and the conscious state.

We cannot discuss any theories of hypnotism, but we may suggest something which all experimenters within our knowledge have neglected. The theory that regards the hypnotic state as a form of sleep has much to support it. First, its phenomena greatly resemble those of somnambulism. Second, it has been proved by experiments, including those of our authors, that the entire unconsciousness of the events during the hypnotic state may be like that of sleep; for, on the one hand, in ordinary dreaming we often either forget the dreams very easily, or forget that we have dreamed at all, and that a few moments after waking; and, on the other hand, the same ignorance of what goes on in the hypnotic state occurs, but some remember a dream-like state, and others, who ordinarily do not recall the memory of anything, *will do so if a general suggestion is made at the moment of wakening.* This would make the failure to remember anything about the hypnotic state an effect of forgetfulness, while it might suggest the doctrine that during sleep man is conscious, but has no memory—the doctrine of Leibnitz and Hamilton. But the particular point we wish to suggest is, that, to decide more adequately the relation of hypnotism to sleep, we ought to have experiments

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upon the same subjects in their ordinary sleep, in order to compare results with hypnotic phenomena. This might be a crucial case, and yet we have not been able to ascertain whether it has ever been tried, or even thought of.

The relation of the subject to the question of responsibility is interesting, because patients may be induced by post-hypnotic suggestion to commit various acts of crime, which they immediately forget. The fact will extend the leniency of legal penalties, if its significance proves to be more general than at present supposed. All the experiments relating to this aspect of the question, however, are not altogether complete or satisfactory. A more careful analysis and more crucial experiments are required.

A Guide to the Conduct of Meetings: being Models of Parliamentary Practice for Young and Old. By George T. Fisk. Harper & Bros. 1888. 16mo, pp. 189.

THE 'American Manual of Parliamentary Law,' published by the same author in 1879, did not seem to be a very valuable contribution to the subject. It went over the same grounds as Cushing's standard 'Manual,' and sought novelty in arrangement by various intricate devices. The present 'Guide' must find its welcome in a class of readers concerning whom we can form no ideas. The plan is a series of dialogues showing the method of organizing a club, and the decision of the ordinary parliamentary questions. It is so rudimentary that only children could need it, and they could not understand it. It appears to be entirely unnecessary, and merely the crotchet of an enthusiast on a rather unimportant subject.

My Wonder Story. By Anne Kendrick Benedict. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. [1888.] 172 pp. sq. 8vo. 1lls.

A PRIMER of anatomy and physiology in simple language for the use of children under judicious guidance would be a useful and welcome addition to educational literature. It is hardly necessary to say that it should be the work of some one who understands these subjects, and not cribbed by a hack writer from a medical dictionary. The author should have common sense enough to avoid silly paraphrases of ordinary technical terms, such as "bone man" for "skeleton," and the like. He should also secure illustrations directly adapted to the text, with nothing superfluous and nothing obscure.

The present book is a model of everything which should be avoided in such a case. It is apparently intended to utilize some old anatomical cuts. The author attempts to combine, in the framework of a story, some elementary facts of human anatomy and physiology with sundry pious ejaculations and reflections. The story is flat and mechanical, the piety is goody-goody and perfunctory. It does not seem possible that the total combination can be of use to anybody.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Typical American; or, Incidents in the Life of Dr. John Swinburne. Albany: *Citizen* Office.
Autobiography of a New England Farm-House. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Ball, J. T. Historical Review of the Legislative Systems Operative in Ireland (1172–1800). Longmans, Green & Co. $2.25.
Bosanquet, B. Logic; or, the Morphology of Language. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan & Co. 2 vols.
Bullen, A. H. The Works of George Peele. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $6.
Howell, W. H. Dissection of the Dog as a Basis for the Study of Physiology. Henry Holt & Co.
Krause, A. Das nachgelassene Werk Immanuel Kant's. B. Westermann & Co.
Landau, Baron W. von. Travels in Asia, Australia, and America. New York: George Landau.
Launce, L. Descriptive Geometry. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.35.
Lee, Gen. A. E. The Battle of Gettysburg. Columbus, O.: A. H. Smythe.
Loomis, G. B. Progressive Music Lessons for Public Schools. *Fifth Book.* Ivison, Blakeman & Co.
Monteith, J. Living Creatures of Water, Land, and Air. Fourth Reader. Cincinnati: Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co.
Parry, E. A. Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.
Pendleton, E. A Virginia Inheritance. D. Appleton & Co.
Pictures at Play; or, Dialogues of the Galleries. Longmans, Green & Co. 35 cents.
Rellye, J. Dictionary of the English Volapük. Chicago: L. Schick.
Rolfe, W. J. Tales from English History, in Prose and Verse. Harper & Bros.
Scomp, Prof. H. A. King Alcohol in the Realm of King Cotton. Oxford, Georgia.
Sharp, Dr. W. Therapeutics Founded upon Organopathy and Antipraxy. London: Geo. Bell & Sons.
Steel, A. G., and Lyttelton, R. H. Cricket. (Badminton Series). Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Stephen, L. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. XV. Diamond—Drake. Macmillan & Co. $3.75.
Sterrett, J. R. S. An Epigraphical Journey in Asia Minor. Boston: Damrell & Upham.
Sweetser, M. F. Chisholm's Mount Desert Guide Book. Portland: Chisholm Bros.
Symonds, Col. H. C. Report of a Commissary of Subsistence. 1861–65. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Taussig, Prof. F. W. Tariff History of the United States. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
The Gray Guest Chamber. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 20 cents.
The Legislative Record of the State of New York, Session of 1888. Albany: J. B. Lyon & Co.

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